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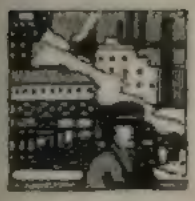
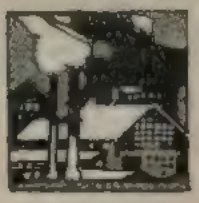


In Time of War Preparing for Peace



By Mark S. Watson

NOBODY expected at the outbreak of the war that before 1915 had ended Canada would have supplied 120,000 fully equipped men for overseas service, with as many more ready to go, and with the Dominion united in the government programme of raising the force to a full half million.

It was still further from the realm of probability that Canada, a borrowing nation, would be transformed to an exporting nation, and that among her exports would be vast quantities of unexcelled munitions. If anyone had said a year and a half ago that Canada would take up a Dominion loan of $50,000,000 for the war, would force the government to let private buyers have $50,000,000 more, and would leave more money itching to exchange itself for a few extra millions, that man would have been watched nervously by his acquaintances.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The author, a citizen of the United States and an economist of note, has given impartial and conscientious study to industrial conditions throughout the Dominion. He finds in the necessities of war opportunity for Canada to utilize mineral and timber resources hitherto neglected for agricultural development. He believes that the war has supplied the impulse necessary to Canada's manufacturing success, and that the knowledge derived from experience will bear abundant fruit in the days of readjustment.*

And yet that is just what Canada has done, or rather only a part of what she has done to surprise other nations—and herself.

To the outsider the most astonishing circumstance, more gratifying even than the suddenly found balance of trade in favor of the Dominion, is the industrial development which started almost at the outbreak of the war and has been growing ever since. In agriculture? Of course. But Canada always had her fertile prairies, and everyone knew that if enough acres were planted and the Lord who was singularly watchful over Canada's acres in 1915 should supply good weather, there would result an enormous crop. That crop came, and supplied a sound base for prosperity. And Canada's timberlands and fisheries and minerals were known.

Canada had inventive genius in plenty, and commercial ability and industrial ability, but as later events have proved Canada had not begun to tap those mental resources. During the war she has tapped them, and great have been the results.

Less than two years ago it was necessary to pass a certain plant, from the smokestacks of which poured forth great columns of thick black smoke, so thick that even the layman could not fail to realize that there was enormous waste of carbon in that plant.

Two weeks ago the writer went over that same path. The thick smoke was no longer discernible. Yet the plant continued to turn out as much as it produced before—and there was a byproduct, a distillate of coal. It is called trinitrotoluol, and it is causing as much trouble for the Germans as its name causes to a stutterer.

"T.n.t.", to call it by its more popular name, formerly went completely to waste. Now it helps to make up the shells which Canada is sending to the front at the rate of 1,200,000 a month. Its use dates back to the time when the Minister of Militia refused to admit that Canada could not make as good shells as anyone else, and steel men experimented until they found they could—and chemists experimented until they found they could fill the shells as well as anyone else.

Anyone with half an eye, or less, can see that Canada owes much of its current prosperity to the business directly created by war. It is just as well for the conservative man to keep this in mind, and realize that with the passing of the war, whenever that may be, certain of these industries will cease in some measure. Certainly the production of actual munitions will be reduced. And from another conservative viewpoint—it's just as well to get rid of all this gloom at the start—a prosperity based on conditions which cause so much disaster is not an economically sound prosperity. All this is granted.

But the gratifying part of it is this: Canada's industries which have been greatly augmented and in many cases originated during the war and because of the war are not

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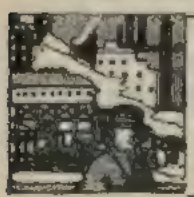
doomed to die after the war. In a measure which almost staggers the observer these industries can be converted into the arts of peace or will automatically continue as the arts of peace without any conversion whatever.

Take our little friend "t.n.t." as one example. Coal distillates include benzol and toluol, and lead to phenols and alphenols and nitro-benzol and aniline oil. That last sounds familiar. Do you remember the wail which went up from textile manufacturers at about the time the first Canadian contingent was holding back the "best soldiers in Europe" and was saving Calais? Do you remember their declaration that the whole industry would collapse because all aniline dyes came from Germany, and could no longer be obtained?

Well, aniline dyes can be obtained to-day, without looking to Germany.



Men making shells to-day in Canada can use their knowledge to produce steel for the days of peace. They will be making rails and car wheels and machinery.

Just at present "t.n.t." is of more importance than dyes, but when the war passes the anilines can be produced from the same materials, and the other trinitrates, of enormous commercial importance, will find their markets.

And it takes no argument to see that the 100,000 men who are making shells to-day can use their knowledge of iron and steel working to produce steel for the days of peace. Canada has imported tons of implements and machinery because the Canadian factories put out inferior brands. But the men who are trained to produce shells of 150 parts, assemble them, and have the total accurate to the thousandth part of an inch and the hundredth part of a pound, can also produce machinery which will do as well.

Canada needed alloys to harden the steel. She discovered that she could get it from her own tungsten resources. She found that her chromium fields would produce steel-hardening materials quite as well as the chromites which formerly were imported. She has developed both—and steel needs to be hardened in times of peace just as much as in times of war.

Canada needed antimony to harden lead for shrapnel. She developed it from her own resources, and added to lead development which is now producing enormous quantities, 150 tons a day reported, in British Columbia. Antimony hardens lead for type metal just as well as for shrapnel, and lead can be used for paints just as well as for bombarding the enemy. Zinc was needed and zinc appeared. Copper bands were needed and copper bands appeared. Now the refining of copper by electrolytic methods which would follow the present blister copper production long produced in Canada, is in the experimental stage which may mean much in another great industry.

Over the trenches in France and Flanders by night burst the starlight bombs by whose radiance the fields are illuminated so that British gunners can be surer of results. A constituent of the starlight bomb is magnesium. The Dominion had never produced magnesium on a commercial scale, but at Shawinigan it is now put out in good quantity—and magnesium has its uses in times of peace, as any amateur photographer can testify.

Back in Ontario there has been great augmenting of the work in silver, in nickel, in cobalt, in arsenic. Chemists who have turned their attention to the field of drugs have produced without difficulty a duplicate of an indispensable German drug sold universally under its trade name but now produced in Canada as acetylsalicylic acid.

Canada's wood could easily produce a substitute base for propellant explosives if it were needed, but American cotton is readily obtained and experiment in this field is unnecessary. Canadian resources and Canadian brains could perform pioneer work in many other industries, but in these days of need Canada is bending its energies to the products which are vitally needed to-day.

The big pulp and paper companies have witnessed expansion of their markets and their capacity alike. Canadian pulp is shipped abroad in larger quantities, and what is more important, Canadian paper is increasing. An official remarked that he would not be satisfied until Canada had ceased to export a pound of pulp.

"I don't believe I understood you" said I.

"Yes, you did," he returned. "I mean that no Canadian pulp should be exported, just as I said. It should all be made into paper right here at our mills, and then exported."

Some customers thought they had to buy chemical pulp abroad, but Canadian manufacturers have demonstrated their ability to get the chemicals here and use them here, and turn out the best product in the world.

Power properties have increased amazingly, and there is enough power left to dwarf that which has been utilized. Go to Grand-Mere some day and see what has happened there almost over night.

Canada's railways have at length begun to carry a part of the great freight traffic for which they were built. For this, of course, the abundant crops of last season were chiefly responsible, crops which have spread prosperity over the prairies so thickly that the farmer who followed the call to patriotism and planted his broad acres more extensively than ever before because the empire needed it, now discovers that virtue is not always its only reward.

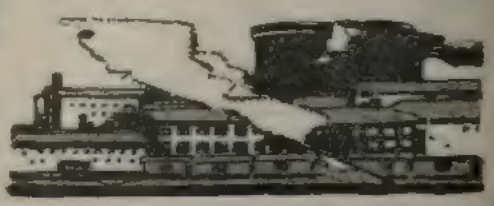
In a foolhardy moment in chatting with a gentleman who has given up his whole business in order to recruit a new battalion I mentioned the extraordinary upbuilding of the industries of Canada and what this would mean after the war.

"I haven't thought of that at all," he said bluntly "and I'm not going to think of it. If we don't win this war there won't be any future for Canada to worry about. We have to win it, and we have to do that before we have a right to think of anything else."

I changed the subject. But even after that outburst, and to-day, there persists the feeling that correct as that Canadian was in saying that the winning of the war is the matter of paramount importance, Canada has also done well to plan for the future. She is doing well in planning for the future of the boys who come back to Canada after winning the war, to provide them with opportunity to do as much for Canada in the commercial victory as in the martial victory. Canada is doing well to plan definitely on declaring her industrial independence, and on helping to conquer Germany in the war of industrial competition which is sure to follow the treaty of peace.

In time of peace prepare for war. Sir Sam Hughes says that if Britain's army had been as fit as Britain's navy the war would have ended long ago. The throbbing appeal from one of England's greatest men just a little time ago still rings in the ear—"Too late. Too late. Is more to be lost because we were too late?"

Confidence in Canada's industrial supremacy is general. "Germany forc-



ing the war to conquer the world?" queried a metallurgical chemist of Canada. "Why, Germany was conquering the world by the surest possible method, by commercial methods, and in a score of years it would have about completed the conquest. That probability it tossed aside in favor of a martial conquest, at which I naturally believe it will fail totally. And it will never again be in a position to attempt a commercial conquest."

The speaker leaned back in his chair and pointed to a row of phials near his desk.

"Look at those labels if you wish," he said. "A year and a half ago we obtained every one of those products from Germany. We were dependent on Germany for them, not because Germany had greater inventive ability than we of North America or the industrial men of England and France. not because it discovered anilines or a number of synthetics, but because it excelled at exploitation.

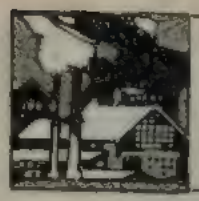
"The waste from one factory was the staple of the next, and there was a co-ordinating of industries which, with free alcohol, made production extremely cheap. And when it came to selling there was the same co-operation.

"An American industry would experiment at making its own aniline, and just as it was about to produce commercially a German company would appear and volunteer to sell below American cost—for a time. It was not because the German company wanted that particular contract, but because all the German companies were combined to throttle American industry. The German has no peculiar claim to genius or creative ability, but he is a laborious worker in the field of business detail."

He pointed again to the phials.

"We found ourselves unable to buy, and we began producing. Our progress has been more notable even than yours, in a way, because Canada was new industrially and any progress we might make would be the more easily noticeable. We find we can produce. We are producing now, and we will not stop producing at the end of the war."

A rolling mill for sheet brass is being built in Montreal to take care of another Canadian need. Just at present there is strong demand for a complete treatment of copper, toward which there has already been material experimental progress.



Canada's industries which have been greatly augmented, and in many cases originated during the war, and because of the war, are not doomed to die after the war

Canada has long produced, after mining and concentrating, the crude copper mat, which is from 40 to 50 per cent. pure copper, and by bessemerizing has produced the black or blister copper which reduces impurities to only about 1 per cent. The ultimate and necessary purification by electrolytic process is still done in the United States.

The biggest chemists of Canada have thrown their energies into inventive and productive experiment, and the Dominion Government has inspired further activity through the committee it named, consisting of Col. Carnegie, who had much to do with war materials development; A. W. G. Wilson, of Ottawa, and Dr. Arthur Stansfield of McGill university.

Dr. Stansfield's confrere, Dr. J. B. Porter, has also contributed importantly to experimental work, on which later development was based. All show especial enthusiasm over the work in fields which will continue

enormous commercial possibilities after the war.

Practically all the development mentioned is directly due to the war, which forced industry to its fullest energy to supply needs which had not existed while German commerce lasted. It is significant that Canada has found industrial independence in many fields, which it is not likely to abandon.

In time of war prepare for peace. Canada is doing that. In this programme Canada will not be too late.

Look to the future, as well as to the present. That the Empire and the Allies will win no one in Canada permits himself to doubt. What then? Current prosperity is inspiring, but optimism must not run riot, and too much optimism is sometimes injurious. It is not likely that 1916 will show crops so abundant as those of 1915. It is not likely that all the industries which have shown such astonishing progress in war time will continue indefinitely. Under competition some of them may actually pass their sphere of usefulness.

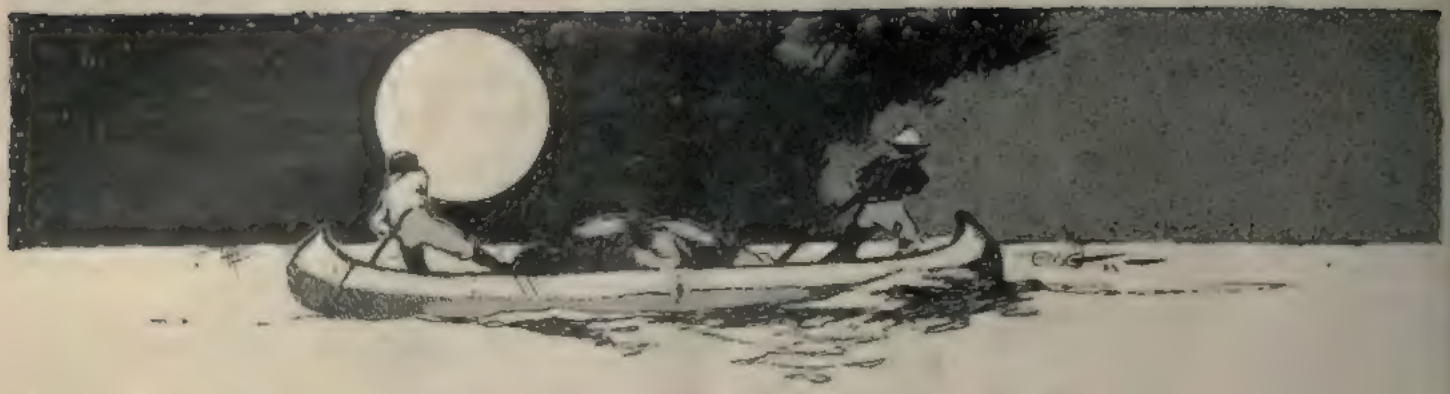
But this cannot be the rule. The steel industries have established a firm footing, and the skilled artisans who are making shells will be making rails and car wheels and machinery of a hundred varieties. The plants which are now making explosives will be making dyes out of the same raw material. The lead and zinc and copper plants will be serving peaceful Canada as well as they are now serving martial Canada. The pulp and paper industry will be doing, perhaps, more than to-day. The power industries will have new customers to supply. The fields will have new hands to till them.

Someone must pay for the damage? Of course. And Canada, proudly saying to-day that the Dominion will pay the expenses of her expeditionary forces, will say with just as much pride that she can care for the day of settlement. Canada is learning already to economize, which is the lesson most nations have to learn at one day or another. And while she is cutting down the expenses on one side of the sheet she is raising revenues on the other side.

From the trenches on the other side you can hear the chorus which industrial Canada on this side may also join in shouting.

"Can Ada?"

"Ada Can."



The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

SYNOPSIS.

Acting in the interests of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Smith appoints Peter McLeod agent at Grand Lac to succeed Jim Barry, tales of whose inebriety have lately reached the ears of Mr. Smith. Peter pledges himself to zealous service and departs for the Post, where he learns that Barry has just died. He finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The wound is not serious but the various remedies applied by the Indians produce blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely Indian girl, nurses him back to health and during the days of his convalescence he is charmed more and more by her beauty. Always at her side is a brighteyed, sturdy youngster and when Peter asks her relationship to the boy she explains that he is Ahteck, her brother. Uapukun had been a servant of Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and in this capacity had acquired a knowledge of affairs at the Post which is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She knows the credit of every trader at the Post, and while Peter is slowly recovering his strength, her tact and ability cause affairs to run smoothly. Through her McLeod wins the friendship of the Indians and he grows to depend on her resourcefulness while his love for her and little Ahteck increases daily. When he has recovered he is loath to part with his lovely nurse so he takes advantage of a missionary's visit to marry Uapukun. There is a wedding feast and the dwellers at the Post celebrate the nuptials of their favorite daughter and the agent with great pomp and rejoicing. Uapukun, the desire of her life consummated, goes home with Peter and Ahteck.

ONE day in the early summer Pete left for a trip to the northward that might last a week, and a few hours after his departure a little fleet of four canoes arrived at the Post, with seven men, four women and the usual scattering of babies and older children, besides a few dogs. They were Nascaupees from the regions east of the big lake, and strangers. None of them spoke a word of English or French, but their tongue was readily understood by the Montagnais and every one could speak with them. The woman Uapukun happened to be busy in the store, with the two children playing near at hand when, led by an exceedingly tall and powerful man, these strangers filed in.

A few of them at once crouched on the floor, smoking silently, while others occupied a couple of the rough benches that stood around the big stove. Then the tall man began to glare at Uapukun, his eyes staring very wide, and he continued to look at her persistently.

Ahteck happened to see her take a very deep breath, while her hand, for an instant, rested upon her bosom. After this she went hurriedly out of the storeroom and the lad soon followed her to her room, in deep concern, asking if she were ill. But Uapukun shook her head and made gently a sign that he might leave. He noticed that her hand was shaking as she lifted it, and returned to the store, sorely puzzled.

Since Pete was away Ahteck was soon busily engaged in trading with the newcomers. From their packs they had pulled out good pelts of fox and lynx, some fine bundles of marten and mink, a few skins of wolverine and wolf, and prime otters. These were all laid upon the boards that served as a counter and Ahteck counted the pelts, examined each one carefully, sorting them according to grade, and began to listen to the Indians' demands.

The haggling lasted all of two days, being conducted on both sides with inexhaustible patience. A number of times the men took up their fur, in silence, and trooped out of the store, with chins lifted high in air, asking whether they were children to submit to such unfair terms. As often Ahteck waved them grandly away, declaring that he had offered far more than all the peltry was worth, because they were good hunters and fine men, and he wanted them to bring their catch to Grand Lac in other years.

At last Ahteck gave up a great deal more than he had first proposed, and the Nascaupees accepted much less than they had originally insisted upon. There is not the slightest doubt that each side considered that it had achieved a signal victory. The women took away great packs of goods and piled them up inside their tents while the men smoked innumerable pipes of the now abundant tobacco, and, without the slightest inconvenience, drank enough tea to kill a white man.

ON THE third day one of the older Nascaupee children stood a long time in front of the store and, finally seeing Uapukun alone, went up to her and delivered a message it had been carefully instructed to repeat. The woman, whose face had become much worn in a few days, bent her head in assent.

Late that afternoon Ahteck, with his gun on his shoulder, was returning from a place where, a few miles away, he had been looking for some canoe-bark, without finding just what he wanted. It was beginning to get dark when he reached a trail leading to the Post, and he heard two people speaking angrily.

Stopping under the shadow of thick bushes he saw that Uapukun was one of them.

"Yes!" she was crying. "For years I thought I would be in safety here!' It is so far away! Yes, at one time I was willing to be thy dog, to work for thee. I belonged to thee. The blankets had been paid for me, and the gun. I was like any other woman until thy blows became too hard to bear. But when one of them struck down the baby in my arms, I became like the she-wolf that hides her whelps in fear of the male. I wept that I was not strong enough to kill thee! But I could steal a canoe and go, when thou wert gone. I journeyed far and starved until my breasts were dry and the child wept for

hunger. But I reached this place and thou didst not find me until now. So now thou mayst lift thy arm and kill me!"

"Kill thee!" snarled the tall Nascaupee. "How may that help me? Listen—I want a new gun—a gun that shoots many times, and cartridges for it in plenty. Of tobacco I want twenty pounds, and tea, many packages. Get me these things while I wait here. Next year I shall come for more, because the trading here is good."

"I will not," cried the woman. "Those things belong to the chief man here!"

"Then I will wait until that man comes home. He will have to give me those things for thee, for thou art my woman. I will tell him that the boy is thy son and also mine. Perhaps he will pay well for thee, many blankets and a gun—a very good gun. Perhaps he will lift his hand and strike thee, and tell thee to go away and follow me. I will wait and see!"

"Before he comes back I will kill myself!" she said, in a voice that had grown cold as the blade of a knife.

Fierce anger moved the man. One of his great hands went forth and caught Uapukun by the throat. The other drew back to strike her.

But then something swished through the air and, before the man's fierce blow could fall, the butt of Ahteck's gun came down upon the great Nascaupee's head, and, without a sound, like an ox that is struck by the pole-axe, his knees sank under him and he fell forward on his face.

The lad's instinct had compelled him to protect the woman he now knew to be his mother. More than ever before his heart had gone out to her. He grasped her hand and they ran together towards the Post buildings, hardly realizing the calamity that had come upon them. When they reached the dwelling they sat for a long time in the darkness, for the children had already been put to bed and everything was silent.

After a time Uapukun spoke, with lips quivering and her voice coming hoarsely.

"I loved the man Peter," she said, in a low voice. "From other men I had known only blows and cruel words. He put his hand out to me in love, with words soft as the honey we take from the hollowed trees. Three long years had gone by, years during which the great fear had left my heart. I thought I never would be found. I—I loved—"

"Yes," said the lad. "I understand, and to Pete thou hast been a good and loving woman, and to me a mother, though I knew it not."

Another long silence ensued. Ahteck's elbow was resting on the table of planks made in the saw-pit; his square jaw was in the hollow of his hand. He stared fixedly, far away, through the walls of massive logs, through the darkness of the night, as if his vision had known no obstacles. But that which he saw was appalling. At last he turned again to his mother.

"Now I must surely have killed my father," he said, very slowly, the soft inflexions of the Indian tongue dropping from his lips like distilled bitterness. "I have never heard of such a deed. It is said that in the old times, very long ago, when the great hungers came on them, our people sometimes left the old to die. But never did they kill them. And we know also that killing is an accursed thing, for all the priests of the white men tell us so. One of them, the Father of the great white beard, told me of the death of one man Abel, who was killed by his brother Cain. And upon Cain fell the greatest curse that was ever known. But a father is more than a brother, and therefore a curse will be upon me such as never happened before, more great and terrible than all other curses. Surely it will fall upon me and on all those I love; upon Peter and the little children; upon thee, my mother! But if I go far away it might be that the curse would fall upon me alone, and I must make ready to go away now. If the other Nascaupees seek me, to kill me in revenge, they may find me, and it will be better that this should happen far away from here. In my heart there is no regret that I defended thee, and I would do this thing again. Yet it is very sure I cannot escape this curse."

Then the mother wept bitterly and threw herself at the feet of her tall young

He was not running away from men so much as fleeing from the vengeance of the skies

son, begging that he might forgive her, but he lifted her up and, in his great strength, he was like a man lifting a child that sorrows. Then he put his arms about her as if to shield her from other perils.

"Do not cry, O my mother!" he said, "for I shall always love thee with a very great love. I think that men can never know the real reason of things, but surely they happen and bring great curses because the world about us is filled with the powers of evil. The bear that goes in the trap is caught by the man, and the man is caught by the devil."

The poor woman crushed him to her bosom, weeping. Theirs was a crude theology, blended of an inheritance of sombre savage myths with ideas gathered from the priests and the clergymen, who always spoke much of the devil and of hell.

They sat thus for the greater part of the night, obsessed by these thoughts, dumb with the great horror of it all.

THE sun rose again, for the misty rain cleared off. Suddenly came a discordant note. It was but the laughter of the two children, awakened. Uapukun rose from her chair, painfully, to attend to their wants. Ahteck was busily engaged in getting things ready for a long voyage. He ate, deliberately forcing himself to do so that his strength might not suffer. Then he went out at the back of the house, drawn by an invincible force, to the scene of his terrible deed.

But when he reached the place there were tracks of many moccasins on the ground. He knew that they had been made by the newly arrived Nascaupees. But nowhere could he find any trace of the tall man he had smitten down!

He cautiously went off towards the beach. Among the many tents men and women were beginning to rise. A few of the latter were coming out to kindle their fires. A man stretched long arms in a yawn and dogs sniffed about the ground, in hopeless search for overlooked bones. But the tents of the Nascaupees were no longer there; their long high-bowed canoes, previously upturned on the beach, had disappeared. The only remaining trace of them was the smouldering embers from the cooking-fire they had built before their tents. Ahteck decided that they must have searched for the man who was missing and, finding the body, had carried it away with them. Somewhere in the wilderness, doubtless, they would dispose of it according to their savage rites.

In less than another hour Ahteck was ready. He had his gun in a new buckskin cover, with ammunition; also provisions to last three or four weeks and his blankets with some spare clothing. All these things he packed in his canoe and waited.

His mother came down and stood beside him. Her arms were hanging loosely at her sides and her head was bent down upon her breast.

"Yesterday," he said, "I was a man like all others. This day I am changed, as in the tales the old people tell the little children, in which men become wolverines and other beasts. But, oh, my mother, I feel that my heart is not at all changed, because I love thee more than ever before. The two little ones I love, and also Peter thy husband."

The children came running down to the beach, shouting:

"Thou art going away, Uncle Caribou!" they cried.

He sat down upon a rock, and took one of them on each of his knees.

"I am going upon a very long hunt," he answered.

"It must be a very long hunt, and far away," said the boy, "for the fur will not be good before a long time."

"A very long hunt in a far country," Ahteck repeated. "And I do not know whether I shall ever find that which I am hunting for."

"Is it a silver fox?" asked the little girl.

"Perhaps a silver fox," he answered.

Then he rose and drew his mother to one side.

"It will be well to tell thy man Peter about the killing," he said, "but nothing more, on account of these little children, and because of the love he has for thee. For on this day I feel that I have become a man and it is my command to thee, my mother. He would cling to thee because of that love, but all of the truth would be like a thorn in his flesh."

Ahteck, after this, kissed the little ones, in the white man's fashion, and gently pressed his mother's hand, for a moment. His canoe was lying against the sand of the beach, and he gently pushed the bow away into deeper water, with the blade of his paddle, after which he entered the frail thing. Finally he waived his hand in salute and left the heavy-hearted woman looking at him through her tears until he became a speck, away towards the South.

TWO days later Pete returned. As always happened he found his wife waiting for him at the water's edge. At once he saw that she was hollow-eyed, but the love of his heart concealed from him the fact that she was showing some evidences of age that had suddenly come upon her.

"Ahteck has gone away," she said dully. "There was a quarrel in the woods, behind the houses, with a Nascaupee that was here, and the man must have been slain. His people went away in haste, before sunrise, carrying the—the thing off with them, and Ahteck—"

Her arm was uplifted towards the south, for she was utterly unable to finish her words.

Her husband looked into the tear-stained eyes, much concerned, and the deep quiet love he had borne her all these years was in his voice as he put his big gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"The poor lad!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what that devil can have done to him, for Ahteck has always been the quietest fellow that ever lived and we never saw anything but goodness in his heart. In that great body of his it beats like a woman's. I hope no evil comes to him, and that he will return soon. There was little need for him to run away, and I can't quite understand his doing it."

He walked off towards the Post, thoughtfully, and the woman followed. There was no law in that distant country, yet it was within the reach of the law, should it ever be put in motion. He realized that if Ahteck had remained he might have been compelled, according to his lights, to arrest the boy and keep him for months until far-away authorities could be notified and their orders carried out. He began to think it was just as well that the lad was gone, though he would miss him sorely. Since he had seen no murder, no body of a slain man, and no one had complained, he felt that he could hold his peace with an easy conscience.

Once within the building he kissed his wife tenderly and greeted the children as they swarmed up on his knees. After this, when he had eaten, he went back to the routine of his work.

Many months elapsed before one of the missionary fathers stopped at the Post, in the course of an extended journey, bearing a short note written in pencil on a piece of yellow wrapping paper done up carefully in a roll of birch bark. It was written in Ahteck's clumsy, sprawling hand, and thus addressed.

"To Marie Uapukun, the Woman
of Peter McLeod,
"At Grand Lac Mistassini.

"I am at Lac St. Jean. Until now I have worked in the sawmill. It is a great place of many houses. Soon I go trapping. This is to say that I have great love for thee and also Peter. Also the children.

"AHTECK."

CHAPTER VI.

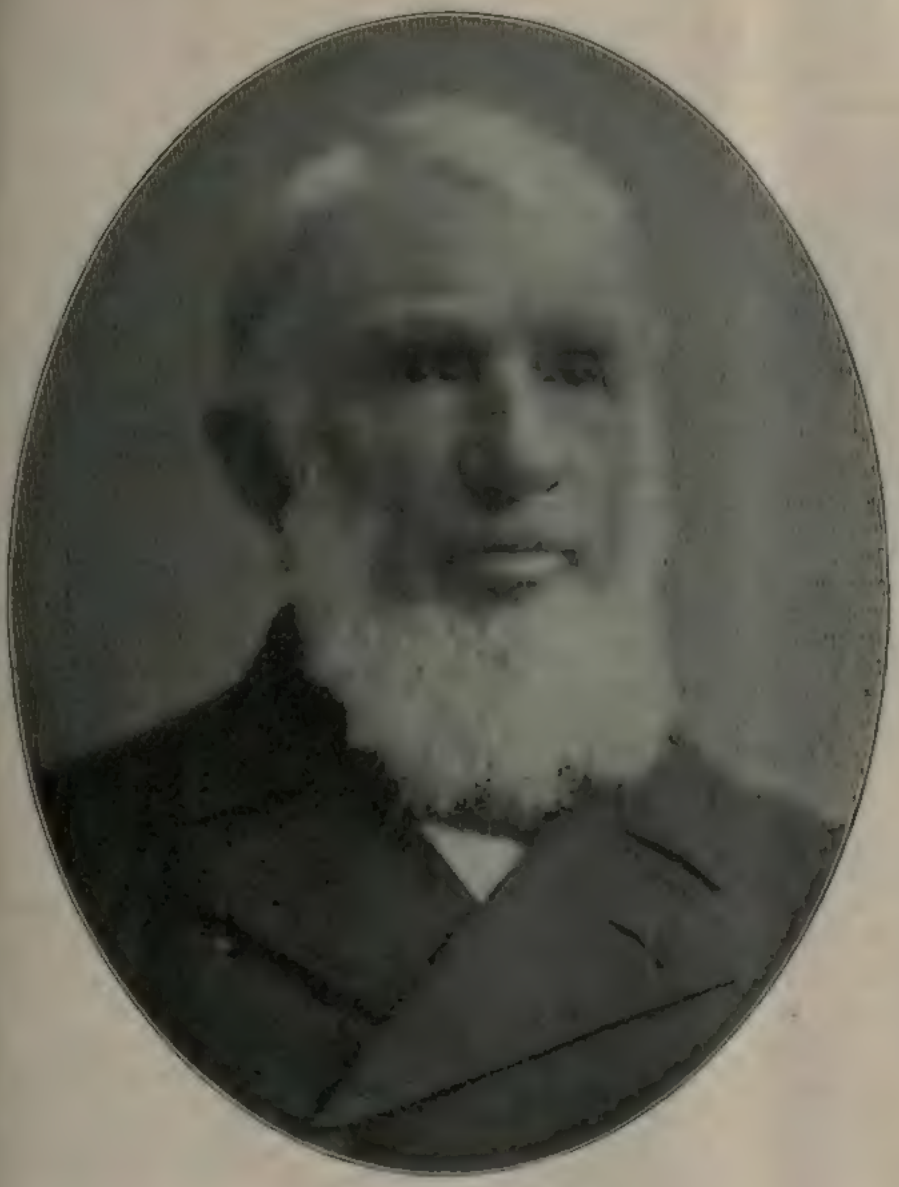
THE EXILE

AHTECK continued his journey south along the shore only for a few miles. Then, over a tremendous expanse of water, he turned to the

Continued on page 300.

The Millwright of Waterloo

By Madge Macbeth



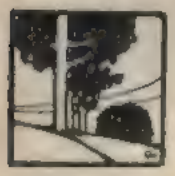
J. R. BOOTH DID NOT SCORN THE PROFITS WHICH ACCRUED FROM SMALL DEALS. HE BOUGHT SOME TIMBER LIMITS AT AN UNBELIEVABLY LOW FIGURE FROM OPTIMISTS WHO FANCIED TIMBER WAS INEXHAUSTIBLE, AND, IN HIS CAREFUL WAY, HE CUT AND HAULED IN A MANNER WHICH WOULD CAUSE THE LEAST EXPENSE

PLUTARCH tells us that after the victory at Salamis, when the Greek generals voted for prizes for individual merit, each assigned himself the first place, but all gave second rank to Themistocles. In considering the most picturesque figure in Canada to-day, placed where he is by that quality known as thrift, many names might be suggested to head the list, but that of J. R. Booth would undoubtedly come second—which is a proof to us, as the similar circumstance was to the Greek judges, that he ought to be placed first.

Thrift, pure, unadulterated thrift gave to John Rudolphus Booth the position he holds to-day—not the sort which is expressed by stowing away coppers in the toe of an old stocking or a broken molasses jug, but thrift of mind and body and living; thrift which spells unabated industry, actual manual labor from seven in the morning until six at night. The sort of thrift which made him save two hundred dollars and invest it in a venture which might result in two thousand, instead of spending it in such a way that men might see—buying a horse and buggy, a new suit of clothes or a parlor carpet.

The career of Canada's wealthiest lumber king, the man who is never seen in fashionable hotels, who never dines in a cafe or a restaurant, who attends no polite functions, who does not travel in a private car or own a limousine, is closely linked with pioneer lumbermen from the United States. Strangely enough he is one of the few Canadians whose interest loomed large in the Ottawa Valley. All the rest were from the U. S. having migrated to Canada chiefly from the New England States.

Frank Bronson who had small holdings in the Adirondacks, came to Canada after listening to the tales told of its vast timber country by some hunters from Montreal. These men turned their backs, for some strange reason upon forests where deer and moose abounded, to go to mountains which had been practically cleared of game. They were given the hospitality of Bronson's camp and while there spun him tales which he did not believe but which were worth investigating. Consequently, he came to Ottawa one spring just at the beginning of the open season, and saw the broad bosom of the river crowded with such timber as he had only dreamed about—over a roaring fire, perchance when the hard days' work was done. Mr. Bronson lost no time in moving to Ottawa which was the By-town of early days, and



The career of Canada's wealthiest lumber king, the man who is never seen in fashionable hotels, who never dines in a cafe, who attends no polite functions, who does not travel in a private car or limousine, is closely linked with pioneer lumbermen from the United States

he erected the first mill on the Quebec side of the river. He was also the first man to send squared timber down the Ottawa—his contemporaries contending that such an undertaking was impossible, owing to the bigness of the river. They made use of the smaller tributary streams.

To the mill of this experienced and practical lumberman came a fellow from the Lower Townships—from Waterloo, Quebec. Some say he was a bridge carpenter—certain it is that he built a bridge somewhere near Waterloo and fell off it into a drift of snow which saved him from instant death—some say he was a saw-filer and others call him a millwright. He was probably all three, and a jolly good all-round mechanic beside. He had no difficulty in securing a position in the Bronson mill and he worked there for several weeks at the comparatively good wages of twelve dollars a month.

He suddenly decided that he would stop.

"I'll work for myself," he told his wife one day. "I'll be my own boss from now until the end."

He rented a small, a very small, shingle mill and started in on his own. In those halcyon days for lumbermen, farmers frequently cut from their land and hauled logs into town just as they bring market produce to-day. It was a simple (and quite a lucrative matter) to buy a thousand logs from a farmer and have them delivered at your mill. This is the way J. R. Booth did at the start. He did not scorn the slight profits which accrued from small deals. The first thing the big men knew, he had bought the mill and enlarged it. He bought some timber limits at an unbelievably low figure from optimists who fancied that timber was inexhaustible, and in his careful way, he cut and hauled in a manner which would cause the least expense. Optimist, I said. Well, Booth was an optimist if there ever was one. But he was not blind. Just as Bronson had seen the timber decrease and grow scarce and valuable in the Adirondacks, so Booth had seen the Lower Townships ruthlessly cut over and he knew that even the magnificent belts in the Ottawa Valley were not inexhaustible. He bought timber land wherever he could, his greatest scoop being the pine belt on the Madewaska River.

So, whenever limits were offered for sale he was there with a stubby pencil and a thumbed check book not always as clean as when it came from the bank, but quite as clean as the money it represented, and when the banks refused him—well, he borrowed it, sometimes from the toll gate keeper, for every one by that time believed in J. R. Booth.

He took advantage of every sort of opportunity while others were standing back and making up their minds. For example, the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company, organized by the pioneer Bronson for the purpose of hauling cut timber to the water and driving it to the mills, began to operate just about the time he was acquiring more ground than could be personally supervised. He took advantage of the Company to get out his timber; later, he took a share in it; others were trying to find out what it was all about.

Improving on Mr. Bronson's plan of shipping timber to the United States instead of England, Booth decided with characteristic boldness to build a railway and ship his own logs. The Canada Atlantic resulted, and later the Parry Sound Railway. There is a story told about the Canada Atlantic which illustrates the consistency of the man's frugality and thrift. To the outgoing train, one winter afternoon, dashed a handsome equipage from which alighted a gentleman, followed by his valet, who made his way to the private car. This was the President of the road. A moment later, a second carriage and pair drew up at the dingy platform—the old memorable G. T. R. station—and out of this, amid scurrying of porters and attendants walked the Treasurer of the road. He made his way to the drawing room. Just as the train was pulling out, an old man, shabbily dressed and carrying a battered old carpet bag, came along. He inconspicuously entered the ordinary day coach—not even the parlor car. This was J. R. Booth—the owner of the road!

Mr. Booth carried the Canada Atlantic in his vest pocket, so to speak. When it was sold, there wasn't an encumbrance on it as large as a peanut. He owned it all—rails, spikes, cars and rolling stock, engineers and firemen.

Some twenty years ago, Canada trembled with panic. At that time men were eager to get their hands on ready money. What mattered it if they sold a few hundred miles of timber land?

"J. R." as he is familiarly called by people who have never even seen him, sharpened his stubby pencil, thumbed the leaves of his check book, and drawing on the hip boots which he wore abroad until very recently, sallied forth to the old Russell Hotel. There were gathered together men who could write a million dollars in a bank book and—get away with it. They represented Michigan, Maine, New York and New Hampshire interests. There were several Canadians also. The property under the hammer was a slice of the Fraser limits—about a quarter of some land which had been taken out by application and on which only a meagre ground rent, and stumpage dues had been paid. In the days when it was applied for, $2,000 would, probably, have been a fancy buying price.

The auctioneer started with ten thousand dollar bids. The figure leaped to half a million. Men began to look under their eyebrows at their neighbors and a gentle buzz succeeded the sharp cry of the bidders.

"Not good enough, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "but I'll take five thousand-dollar bids from you now."

Time after time the hammer was threateningly raised—there was silence so tense that an eye could almost have been heard to wink, and time after time, the bid was haltingly raised.

The figures crawled toward six hundred thousand dollars and hung. Up went the hammer, trembled—

An old man, in a rough logging suit, inconspicuously seated away from the American nabobs, slowly nodded as he caught the glance of the auctioneer. He did not even bother to speak.

Bang! The hammer fell and the man who let it fall cried in a voice hoarse and croaky from over-use,

"The timber limits have been bought by Mr. John R. Booth," he said "the boldest operator in the Ottawa Valley."

And by Jupiter if every one of his competitors did not rise to his feet and cheer!

That Mr. Booth could carry a railroad in his pocket and buy a half million dollar timber limit did not mean that he had climbed the ladder of success unhampered by set-backs. On the contrary. He was burned out so often that there was a time when on his mills he couldn't get a dollar of insurance. His "bad luck" would have crushed many another man; even his home was burned and a touching story is told of how he tried to save the piano of which his invalid daughter was inordinately fond—how he tried to move it from the burning house, himself.

The numerous visitations from fire which pursued him made him study

as no other lumberman had done, preventive measures, and he invented a sort of overhead sluice which saved his machinery more than once. There was a time when his output was larger than that of any mill in the world; he turned out 1,000,000 feet of lumber per day for 200 consecutive days.

At the works at 7 a.m., eating his frugal lunch out of a newspaper, John Rudolphus has always been 'one of the men.' As WHO'S WHO puts it, his recreation is work. He is a towering example of industry and thrift to his laborers, but he is not mean. Once when they were laid off, through no fault of theirs or his—but owing to a strike on the Grand Trunk, which prevented any cars from being loaded, Mr. Booth went to his bookkeeper and, looking out of the office window over the head of his idle workmen, lounging about the mill, demanded how much they would have received had they been at work. After some figuring he was told the amount—running into the thousands.

"Pay 'em," he ordered briefly.

"But," expostulated one of his sons," they haven't earned it."

"Not their fault." The father's voice was stern. "And don't you tell me how to run my business," he continued. "This is not Booth and Company, or Booth Limited, or even Booth and Sons. It always has been and always will be, John R. Booth."

Tramping about the mill, slopping about in icy water, demonstrating with cant hooks and showing a green hand how the thing should be done, Mr. Booth is not always recognized by the new men about the works. The boys put up a job on him one day but got the laugh turned before they had finished, for they placed eighteen dollars in a pay envelope and sent it over to the old man, dressed quite like one of themselves, by a new hand.

Mr. Booth took the envelope, carefully counted out the bills, gave a shrewd glance at the distant jokers, and kept the money!

At seventy years of age, and over, he embarked upon a new enterprise. He built a pulp mill which, some will tell you, was the means of saving his life.

When a man nearly ninety sustains a compound fracture of the hip people do not look for a very likely recovery

Thrift gave to John Rudolphus Booth the position he holds to-day—not the sort which is expressed by stowing away coppers in the toe of an old stocking, but thrift of mind and body and living; thrift which spells unabated industry, manual labor from seven in the morning until six at night

J. R. Booth had a severe fall and sustained such an injury. "He may last a few hours," said the physician.

"I'll pull through and put that pulp mill on its feet," said the dauntless old man. "They need me down there and I'll go down." They did and he went. Not merely to the office to look over the books but in and out of the works where he is to be seen to this day and where he is still as much at home as ever.

The war came and with it the countless calls upon the purses of the wealthy. No one knows just how much J. R. Booth has subscribed. He does not figure prominently in the social columns of the daily press, but once in a while when lists of donations are published one sees ten thousand dollars; five thousand dollars, one thousand dollars, and the like opposite his name. His charities are not indiscriminate for which reason people sometimes make invidious comparisons—but then those who have not attained success themselves always say things about those who have—is it not so, my friends?

He offered a company raised from his men to the Government, and his offer has been, I think, accepted. Doubtless their salaries will continue just as though they were at the works, and their families will be provided for. Mayhap there will be nothing published about this as there was nothing published about the story I am going to tell.

A few years ago there occurred an accident at the mills, a calamity, if you prefer—for the loss of a life, is ofttimes a calamity, a workman was caught under one of the wheels and, well, he died. His death occurred before his employer's eyes. The old man was much upset.

"Where did he live?" he inquired and some awed voice gave him the address.

J. R. sought out the stricken home. He did not send a smug representative. In the little cottage was a young woman and two small children. She received the news with the grim philosophy of the very poor. When asked if there was any immediate help she would like, her answer was.

"Get the babies into a decent home, for a time, sir. I am still strong enough to go out and work."

"Break up your home?" said Mr. Booth. "Not while I live. You shall have your husband's wages every Saturday night for the rest of your life," he told her, gently. "I thought you understood that. But isn't there something *else* I can do?"

Another type of story is told by the promoter of one of the big cement mergers. In forming his company this gentleman was anxious naturally to secure the signatures of as many Kings of Finance as possible. He had been fairly lucky and the names on his document represented a powerful lot of money. However, the legend was not complete without the signature of J. R. Booth.

Mr. Booth was found after some difficulty in a sort of pit, at his mill. The cement-interested gentlemen, finding that he would not come out, bellowed his message through hollowed hands, down to him. There was some rapid-fire talk about money, and then old J. R. cried,

"Got to have my signature? Yes? All right. Throw down your paper."

The promoter hesitated just the fraction of a second. This broke all previous records; the financiers he had previously approached set some store by their signatures, clearing away a space on the polished mahogany of their respective desks, and waving a gold tipped fountain pen with something of a conscious flourish. And J. R. who could have sold them out with a pinch of change, called him to fling down his precious document.

Continued on page 309.

One Patriot—Three Flags

By A. R. Kling

Illustrations by F. A. Hamilton

PATRIOT KELLY pulled one weary foot out of the mud that passed for a floor in the trench in northern France and followed this action by releasing the other foot and moving to a spot that offered fewer of the discomforts of soldier life. The little private was plainly bored. War wasn't what he had expected to find it and twenty-four hours in a cold clammy ditch without even a skirmish to enliven the period plainly did not appeal either to his vigor or to his imagination.

There had been a prospect of a diversion a few minutes earlier when a couple of bullets whistled over their sector in such a way as to suggest a sniper. But the bullets had done no damage and were almost forgotten in the general desire to find the most convenient footing. So Patriot Kelly thought to move before he should be mired and had turned his back on the unseen enemy to refresh his eyes with a view of the division headquarters when a bullet passed so close to his head that he not only could feel the movement of the air but distinctly heard the sound of the impact as it buried itself in the west wall of the trench.

Kelly inserted a pencil in the hole made by the bullet and perceived that the shot had come from a clump of trees

Now bullets coming from the direction in which the enemy was entrenched were proper enough but the course of this missile indicated that there was treachery going on back of the Canadian lines, and this being highly outrageous, called for immediate action. So Kelly inserted a pencil in the hole made by the bullet and perceived that the shot had come from the direction of a clump of trees a mile in the rear of the point where he was stationed.

"I think I have got that bird located" the private grunted with a grimness that boded nothing but the most unhappy results for the "bird" who had presumed to disturb him.

The little Canadian infantryman was more or less of an anachronism to his comrades and there had been moments recently when he had trouble locating his exact position to himself. Ostensibly he hailed from the western Canadian plains where his regiment was recruited, but in reality he came from Minneapolis, which became to him a less desirable home than he once had deemed it when a paucity of boxing engagements threatened not only the comfort in which he had lived but chilled an impatient desire to attain the lightweight crown.

Next to his ambition for prize ring preferment, he cherished his title of Patriot which a jocular announcer had given him on the occasion of his first public appearance. Although he was matched in a preliminary bout he had a mind to attire himself so that his public would not soon forget him after he had disposed of his opponent "in impressive style." So Kelly girded himself with a belt made of an American flag of such enormous width that it was more than moderately noticeable.

"In this corner," said the announcer, "we have our young friend Mr. Patriot Kelly."

The crowd liked it and said so. The newspapers devoted a half dozen lines to his victory and called him Patriot. Whereupon Kelly became consumed with such an intense pattrioism that he insisted on the use of his new name and never tired of talking of his love of country. Without doubt he was an upstanding lad and had a circle of admirers that would have done credit to a much more pretentious pugilist.

However, the country that Kelly loved so well grew tired of boxing and the periods between purses became longer and longer. The situation began to give him concern. He missed the money and he missed the stimulant of battle and as a consequence he lost interest in Minneapolis in direct proportion as Minneapolis lost interest in him.

It was at this juncture that Canada began to call for volunteers. First one of Patriot's pals, and then another drifted across the line, satisfied the recruiting officer that they were dyed in the wool Canadians and were duly enrolled in the expeditionary force. This action appealed to the prospective champion both as a means for solving the problem of living and for offering a chance for action. War, he thought, must be much more exciting than boxing and in this receptive mood he went to his room to argue his future course out with himself.

"If only the United States could get into this war," he complained, "I'm going to be a patriot if I starve to death."

Then he looked at the Canadian side of the matter. Until late into the night he argued every phase of the case, always coming closer to the conviction that the course of true patriotism need not keep him in Minneapolis, which did not appreciate him anyway.

"Canada is America, just the same

as the United States is," he argued with himself. "And besides I have made better purses over there than I have in this country. They gave me a chance in a semi-windup, which Minneapolis never did and I can be a Canadian patriot just as well as a United States patriot."

In the end he convinced himself, as he was fore-ordained to do, and lost no time packing his treasured belt and his few personal belongings in a grip and taking a train north. Was he accepted? Just as surely as those examiners got a sight of his rugged, supple body Physically Patriot was built for the ideal soldier and a regiment of such Adonis-like boys would have been a distinct asset to any army.

The disappointing part of Patriot's adventure was the lack of immediate and thrilling episodes. First there was a long period of drilling in the Dominion, for the colonial authorities had no mind to send a rabble to ruin itself in front of a perfectly drilled enemy. Then there was the long probation on Salisbury Plain, where the British War Department put the finishing touches to the force in a manner and with a method that included more hard work than romance. Needless to say the weeks in training camps took the edge off the early impulsiveness of the lad, but it was a great day when the regiment boarded a transport that was to take it to the front.

At last, Patriot concluded, there was to be some fighting and in this fighting he had convinced himself that he would find the opportunity for some distinguishing encounter. He even dreamed that he could see himself with a medal pinned to his breast and during the period of expectancy he was given to much mental strutting, picturing, in the meanwhile, the envy of his comrades as they gazed at the evidence of the signal honor that had been thrust upon him, to paraphrase his friend the alderman. For weeks he had feared that while he was alternately drilling and keeping his camp in order, the war would cease and he would have acquired nothing more stimulating than a certain knowledge of foot tactics

As a culmination of these reflections it is not to be wondered at that he was elated when the force was landed in France. Then ensued a long march that was made without complaint for every step was taking them to the front. They took up their positions and here they had been—they did not know whether in France or Belgium—for two weeks and still no incident transpired that even remotely gave promise of a brilliant feat of arms. At 6.30 o'clock in the evening they were sent into the trenches to remain for twenty-four hours when a relief company would allow them to go to the rear for a rest of equal duration.

Patriot chafed under this ditch-digging band of military toil and he was still chafing when the sniper's bullet came so near to putting an end to his dreams of martial glory. He was quite sure that any one who would wage war in this fashion was a contemptible coward and he would have liked to have met him in a ring for just about three rounds. There would be a deservedly licked German and he visualized the man's appearance as he begged for mercy

But there was too much reality and possible disaster about this situation to permit of extended speculation, so he noted again the direction in which the pencil, protruding from the bullet hole, pointed and lost no time in adopting such measures as were necessary

"Lieutenant, I have got that sniper, located," he said. "May I go after him?"

Patriot explained carefully how he learned the course of the bullet

"Yes, you got him and they are going to decorate you or something. But the doctor says I must not talk to you"

"We will telephone headquarters and have a squad sent after the chap," decreed the officer.

This, of course, was the obvious thing to do, but it did not fit into the plans of the lad who burst out into torrential pleading to be allowed to take the sniper. Here was a chance for glory and was Patriot Kelly, the best preliminary fighter in the whole northwest going to lose it without a struggle? Not if he was as clever with his tongue as with his fists.

There was more than glory in the affair, for Kelly knew that early in the afternoon Antoinette was accustomed to walk from her father's tiny acres that passed for a farm in those parts, with fresh milk and eggs for the officers. She had been doing this day after day and it had been the private's blessed privilege to meet her frequently enough to cultivate an interest that was only as much short of love as it was more than friendship. Antoinette had learned to talk English, in a way and had picked out Patriot as a likely preceptor. In the relation of instructor and pupil their acquaintance got on amazingly well in the periods when the business of war did not interfere and the piquancy of the girl's patois was a never ending source of delight to the soldier. Here was a chance to distinguish himself and see Antoinette at the same time—possibly if the fates were kind he could distinguish himself before Antoinette.

The prospect was alluring and as the possibilities unfolded themselves, his eloquence increased. It would have taken a stricter sense of discipline than any officer could maintain under these conditions to have resisted the pleading. So the lieutenant said that inasmuch as it was Patriot's sniper he could have him.

Now leaving the trenches in broad daylight was a hazardous performance. The Germans were less than a hundred feet away and nightfall was the accepted time of arrival and departure. In spite of his ardor, Kelly had no idea of allowing himself to be destroyed by such imprudence as showing his head above the parapet. In two weeks he had been given opportunity to study the entrances and exits of those trenches thoroughly.

If he was over zealous, he assuredly was not imprudent and life became sweeter as the prospect of preferment opened more widely before him. Intuitively he covered as he passed from one ditch to another and, finally to the open where he became a fair mark for the enemy-bullet the moment he exposed more than a fractional part of his person

"Foolish boy," said a sharpshooter from behind his protecting mound. "Who gave you permission to go to the rear?"

"I know where a sniper is and I got an order to get him. Watch me keep myself out of sight."

"Good luck," said the soldier, and he resumed his vigil with that battle-front stoicism that has made bravery of relatively lower rank in the scale of military virtues than duty. The boy was doing his duty, that was the way the sharpshooter figured it, and if he fell, why he was only meeting the fate a lot of others had met and still others were to meet

"Cold blooded duck," mused Kelly. Although he had long since left the protecting trenches, there were irregularities in the ground a-plenty, and of these he took the utmost advantage. Crawling on his stomach was slow work, but it also was a certain method, and after an hour of wriggling during which he was a target only for stray bullets or the spent fragments of shrapnel, he arrived within a few yards of the scarred wood which his pencil had indicated was the hiding place of the sniper.

Obtaining shelter in the crevice of a pit made by an exploding shell, he waited for his quarry to fire again. Then he would get him. As far as Patriot knew there was no man except his foe within a considerable distance of him and he was acutely conscious of the fact that he had not the protecting presence of a captain, or lieutenant or even a corporal.

"Funny kind of war," he thought "More like Indian fighting than—"

The muffled crack of a rifle interrupted his thoughts.

"That boy uses a silencer," he told himself.

To say that Patriot was entirely devoid of fear would not be expressing the case accurately As he wriggled toward the center of the grove where he knew the sniper was hidden he took stock of his moral resources, and, while admitting to himself that he was not entirely without trepidation, refused to acknowledge that there was the slightest chance of his abandoning his enterprise.

Under the stress of caution, progress was made slowly and during this slow progress he fortified himself with all the heroic quotations he could recall.

"The paths of glory," he recited to himself, "lead but to—"

This quotation was destined never to be finished for not fifty feet in front of him, astride a limb and clad in a dark green uniform that fitted so nicely into the newly green foliage as to seem almost a part of the landscape, was the object of his search. The German was adjusting his rifle for another shot at the Canadian trenches when Patriot crept into view, and had hidden himself so cleverly that the little private had exposed himself before he made his discovery. Then something else happened. The sniper turned as if he had received a sudden shock and discovered the Canadian rifleman approaching him. Patriot afterward swore that a thought wave must have hit the enemy, but at the time he considered nothing but the business at hand and that consisted in dispatching his opponent as quickly as possible.

"Lieutenant, I have got that sniper located." Patriot explained how he had learned the course of the bullet

Continued on page 298.

The Sentimental Satirist

Being the True Story of Something That Never Happened

By Arthur Beverly Baxter

Illustrated by Katharine Southwick

BRENDA SOUTHWORTH was the daughter of rich but respectable parents.

Despite the popular suspicion that riches bring misery, she was moderately happy.

She was glad her father was rich. She never longed for poverty. She never wished she could enter the great business world and earn eight dollars a week and make her own dresses. She preferred dresses made in Paris. She knew that they looked better than those made by oneself.

She never indulged in morbid longings for a lack of luxuries so that she might yearn for those she already had. She did not believe that riches brought happiness but she did believe that poverty brought misery.

She was moderately interested in humanity but preferred to study it from the interior of a limousine. Having a sense of the dramatic she did a certain amount of "slumming," — Philanthropy always appeals to the theatrical in one. She was kindhearted in an impersonal disinterested manner.

In addition to these qualities, Brenda Southworth was moderately beautiful.

She danced in moderation. She laughed and golfed and motored in moderation. Her life was as devoid of climax as a Quaker Prayer Meeting. She had only one worry—Marriage!

Very few men marry for money. They lack the courage. A man often marries beneath his social status because he is attracted by a pretty face or a sweet disposition—but to marry an heiress! He must love madly passionately!

This is the tragedy of being an heiress. Miss Brenda Southworth did not realize that it was a tragedy. It is doubtful if heiresses ever do. She was of the opinion that every man who took her to lunch or to the theatre, wished to secure her wealth.

Many men admired her, for she was moderately accomplished and had a nice, womanly, genuine manner about her that appealed to the masculine temperament. Many men called, took tea with her, took her to the rugby games and altogether behaved in as punctilious and uninteresting a way as could be expected of full bred Anglo Saxons.

She always called them Mister——. They called her Miss Southworth.

The world called them "fortune hunters," "Snobs," "heiress trackers," "would be's,"—but they liked her and stuck it out. If it had not been for her money almost any one of them would have married her.

She treated all her admirers with the same impersonal cordiality. She felt towards each one a disinterested kindliness. She was sure they wanted her money.

Occasionally, some one more daring than the rest, would call her "Brenda" and send her flowers. Immediately upon receipt of them she would send a nice little note of thanks and dismiss them from her mind. She was as punctilious as a Day Book.

And yet she was desperately sentimental. She invariably wept over novels

Occasionally she went to Europe, to England, even to Japan,—but she loved Canada,—with a fervid moderation. Her father manufactured soap. He was the third largest soap manufacturer in the British Empire. Brenda was proud of her father's business. She felt that it had something to do with the national cleanliness.

EVENTUALLY Brenda arrived at the age of twenty three—when she received the first shock of her life.

She met Lawrence Craighouse.

It was at a dance. Someone had introduced him. She noticed that he had grey eyes and that his dress suit fitted him well—he had asked for the sixth dance and disappeared from her presence and her thoughts.

At the finish of the sixth dance they sat down in a moderately secluded corner.

"Are you enjoying the dance?" she asked.

"Hugely!"

She did not like such enthusiasm. She knew that only vulgarians become enthusiastic

"Are you fond of dancing?" She gazed at him, languidly.

"With you—yes."

She smiled. He was improving.

"I see I've said the right thing."

"The right thing?" She wasn't used to people commenting on the suitability of their own remarks

"You know," he leaned towards her in an impudently confidential manner, "no matter how badly a woman dances, she likes to be told that she rivals Pavlowa. I've told five girls so far to-night that they're the best dancers in the room and as a result, I have five invitations to tea on Sunday."

He was vulgar, but-

"Whose invitation will you accept?" She turned languidly towards him

"Yours."

"But—but, I have only met you."

"Exactly, you see we may never meet again. Why not let us be friends?"

"But I do not know you, at least, I hardly know you."

"If you knew me, you might understand me, and friendship, like marriage, is based on a thorough mis understanding."

She hated to show any interest in such impudent flippancy, but the laws of politeness bade her say something.

"Why do you think we may never meet again?"

"Oh." He shrugged his shoulders. "Just at the moment you appear to be very fascinating but one never knows whether he is really interested in a girl or not until the next morning."

Miss Southworth was furious. She—the heiress of her father's wealth—the courted and admired belle of Canadian Aristocracy! It was too much.

"You haven't asked me to tea next Sunday."

She sneered. She did not sneer well, but then it was a first attempt.

"Supposing," she said acidly, "that in the morning you should find that some other girl had taken my place?"

She bit her tongue. She meant to smother him in sarcasm and he was obviously flattered. She had not learned that sarcasm is an art.

"Oh I'd come anyway" he said, cheerfully "It's just as well to have one or two fashionable homes to visit. By the bye, you are the daughter of old Soapsuds Southworth aren't you?"

She glared at him. It was the first time she had ever heard her father's name desecrated.

"I am the daughter of Mr. E. Douglas Southworth" she said, haughtily. That was better. She began to feel more amiable

"Then I'll come" he said. "I wish I could ask you for another dance but I'm full up. Good-bye."

She did not answer him. She had never been so humiliated. Anyhow she *had not* asked him to tea

With a bow he turned away and she noticed again the excellence of his dress suit—then once more he turned around.

"You live at 185 Frontenac, East, don't you?"

185 Frontenac East? Among the boarding houses? Among the barber shops and restaurants? All the insults of the evening culminated in the energy with which she answered him.

"One-eighty-five Frontenac, West!"

"Oh of course—thank you for reminding me. I'll be there" and he was gone. He thought she had asked him to tea. He had construed her indignation into an invitation. Horrors!

"Our dance, Brenda." It was her cousin, Dick Harding.

"Who is that fellow—Craighouse?" She almost choked.

"Craighouse?" Her cousin looked at her. "Do you mean to say you have never heard of Lawrence Craighouse? He's just about the cleverest young newspaper writer in Canada. Do you never read his column, "Sentiment and Satire" in the Sunday Globe?"

I thought you were a gentleman when I met you—that you valued me as a friend. To you I was a toy, a thing to play with. You listened to my prattle and then made sport of me before a million readers

THE next day she was undecided whether to phone him or write. She decided to write.

"My Dear Mister Craighouse,"

She had been told that "My Dear Mister" was more formal than "Dear Mister", but had he been told? He would probably construe it into a special mark of her favor.

She tore up the letter. She tried to phone him, but the line was always engaged and she decided to let things take their course.

The following Sunday afternoon, fully conscious of the grandeur of the surroundings, she sat in the library and waited.

The bell rang and a moment later he was ushered into the room.

"Good afternoon." He took her hand with a slight inclination of his head, "I hope you are well."

It was very hard to snub him. She had expected enthusiasm,—he was merely polite. She decided to be amused.

"Have you recovered from the effects of the dance?"

"The dance?" He looked puzzled, "Oh yes—yes, yes." He stood with his back to the fireplace and she noticed that his morning coat was of superlative cut. He was vulgar but he did go to a good tailor. "It never crossed my mind until this morning"

She was silent. She had expected compliments at least and had prepared sarcastic rejoinders, merely to find indifference. The silence was becoming acute.

"Do you play golf?" she asked, in desperation.

"Can't afford it."

She was sorry for him—patronizingly sorry. She could play at any club she wished and he—he couldn't afford it. She felt more comfortable.

"It is not expensive" she said encouragingly.

"Oh it isn't that," he said "I've got the money. I haven't got the time. Golf is alright for loafers, women and millionaires but no man with a future can afford it."

SHE thought of all her friends who golfed and contrasted their courteous demeanour with this upstart's manner. She said nothing. She could think of nothing to say. In that one regard Brenda Southworth was an

unusual woman. She remained silent when she had nothing to say.

He looked at her furtively.

"Do you know" he said, "You are very attractive,—which is unusual with so much money as you have. I guess" he went on, ruminatingly, "That your paterfamilias must be worth about a million and a half."

Again she said nothing. It is all right to talk about one's poverty but to speak of one's wealth to an heiress—it isn't done. It's never done.

"I suppose you'll come in for the whole amount." He drew a chair near to her and sat down, "You and your husband will have a lot of money."

She sat up very straight.

"I shall never accept any money from my father. I shall live on my husband's income"

He slowly shook his head.

"You think that," he said. "All girls with money think that. It's a little dream they all have. Love in a cottage is all right if you haven't been used to—to—to this". The sweep of his hand took in the gorgeous furnishings of the room from ceiling to floor.

She was rather flattered. After all, her wealth was the biggest thing in her life and all her other friends acted as if it didn't exist at all,—as if it were a hereditary taint that everyone understood but agreed not to mention in the hearing of the family.

"When do you intend to marry?" He took out a cigarette. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

She gazed at him haughtily. 'When the right man comes along

He lit the cigarette.

"That's an exploded idea" he puffed, "There are only two kinds of men, sincere and insincere. Of course there are three types of women, domesticated, undomesticated, and Feminists. The domesticated women are divided into two divisions, old and young, or thin and stout. The undomesticated take various forms such as blondes, brunettes, broilers and chickens, etc."

Chickens! That word of vulgar import—on Sunday—in her own home

He crossed one knee over the other and puffed his cigarette for a moment.

"The only man fit to marry" he resumed, "is the insincere one—the other is invariably a bore"

At last she found her tongue.

"You—you mean you admire insincerity?"

"My dear Brenda, it is a necessity in our modern life." He turned to her, astonished. "You don't mean to say you tell the truth?"

"Of course I do."

"Oh my dear." It was not even "My dear Brenda" this time, "You should remember the axiom of our childhood.—"To tell the truth is alright as a subterfuge—as a habit it is most objectionable"

"Then you don't tell the truth Mr. Craighouse?"

"Very rarely" he bowed. "Once a gentleman, always a liar."

Again she was silent

"You know as well as I do that we daren't speak the truth" he said. For instance, you think I am an utter ass, but you daren't tell me so. I think you are one of the finest women I've ever met but I must' tell you that. Don't you see how necesary insincerity is?"

She looked at him and noticed his sensitive mouth and gray smiling eyes

"Are you a fool, Mr. Craighouse?"

He looked into her brown, shining eyes.

"I've often wondered," he said

She reasoned that she could think the thing out as well in the hygienic comfort of her own boudoir as on a drafty stairway

THE next night he took her to a theatre. She did not want to go but she felt that his ideas were so unhealthy, so utterly at variance with her own, that she must convince him. She did her best. He remained unconvinced.

Two days later she continued the good work by lunching with him downtown. She looked genuinely pretty in a dark walking suit with a large white collar. He showed signs of conversion

"If I could only make him the least bit serious," she thought, "Then I would drop him. But in his present state of mind he is positively dangerous"

The following Sunday morning she was reading the society news in the Sunday Globe. She noticed for the first time the heading,—

SENTIMENT AND SATIRE

A weekly column written by Lawrence Craighouse

She was moderately interested.

At the foot of the page she read an Editor's note

"Beginning in to-day's issue Mr. Craighouse is presenting a series of sketches entitled "The Love Affair of an Heiress." It is written as a series of delightfully humorous conversations, and in keen satire is the best thing we have had from this remarkable young author's pen. The series will run Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday editions, until finished."

Her eyes sought the head of the column. The headlines glared at her.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS

"Sketch No. 1—At the Dance

"She was the daughter of rich but respectable parents——"

She almost turned pale. But perhaps it was not she. She would wait until Tuesday—until Tuesday—would Tuesday never come? It came

She rose with the dawn to get the newspaper. The infamous thing stared her in the face

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS

"Sketch No. 2—She entertains at tea."

Continued on page 304.

A Chef Incarnate

By Earl Derr Biggers

Illustrated by J. C. Chase

TO those who had found, under the crashing elevated, Paris transplanted in the shape of the Café Cote d'Or, the place was more than a fad, it was a religion. Reverently they applied themselves to the Elysian-like dishes borne to them from that land of pleasant odors—the kitchen; softly, in low, serious tones, they conversed with Monsieur Casserole, the proprietor, who hovered over them with thin hands clasped and the hope that all was well. Scornfully, rightly indignant that mercenary matters should have their place in a dinner at the Côte d'Or, they laid the amount of their score on the counter in front of Madame Casserole, who sat there in her little cage year after year, smiling benignantly upon all over her encored chin. Ah, what a café was that!

What a cafe for those who had youth and hope and imagination! To it came all the clan who, had there been such a land as the magazine writers' Bohemia, would have dwelt therein. Those who painted, those who wrote, those who were inspired to see the beauty of life and to recognize a master in a cook as well as in a poet—such were they who had found out the Côte d'Or and had made it their gastronomical shrine. For the Café Côte d'Or was not, first of all, a place to eat; it was rather a quiet nook where, over an incidental cordial, one might dream oneself back across the sea and under the sidewalk awnings of the gay city, in the shade of the absinthe frappé.

Into the sacred precincts of the Côte d'Or one night a stranger roamed, and Monsieur Casserole will tell you that he sipped delightedly his wine, and lingered, loath to go, over the delicious omelet soufflé. Then with a nod he summoned the proprietor, and spoke most pompously.

"This omelet," said the stranger, indicating an empty dish, "has pleased me more than I can say. I am most anxious to go into your kitchen and in person thank the master of cookery who made it."

Sacre bleu! what a wild indignity to propose. To suggest thus calmly a journey the great of the earth might well have taken with trepidation; to imagine thus coolly the interruption of Adolphe in his own stronghold; to risk thus ruthlessly the destruction of

"Taste!" roared Adolphe, in an awful voice

another omelet such as this just eaten. And for what, pray? For the paltry excuse of saying to him whose cookery had brought an emperor's smile: "For your omelet I thank you." *Mon Dieu*! Monsieur Casserole, usually so polite, stiffened almost rudely as he informed his unknown guest:

"What Monsieur suggests is quite impossible."

There had been those who had been granted such audiences, but it had not been after they had stated boldly their desire. One did not become openly a candidate. One only waited in silence, as one might live on awaiting an election to the Academy. If one was worthy—*eh bien*, one were there. If not, so be it.

The number of the worthy was five, and all of these, long before the honor had sought them out, had known the master by his works, had worshiped from afar, and had sent, now and again, by the dignity of Monsieur Casserole, words of adoration and fealty. There was Dupree, who had dreamed of seeing his paintings in the Salon, but who saw them only as stirring scenes for a Third Avenue melodrama; also little Margaret Gates, who wrote for the magazines, only most of them didn't know it yet, and whom Dupree would have married had she not already been married to her Art, as well as unfortunately possessed of a chin that would not allow her to sue for divorce, even in the hungry days when she might easily have obtained it on the ground of nonsupport. And there was Masters, the lean medical student, who dreamed of feats in surgery, carving cadavers by day and the cotelettes of the Cote d'Or by night, and Hargrave, newspaper hacks, who ground out stories clipped them from Western newspapers, his enemies said, for comic operas that brought other men fame. And lastly Betty Martin, those who follow the society column in one of the big dailies have seen that name, not in the list of those present, but as the signature at the bottom of the story. Such was the roll of the privileged.

In the narrow passageway leading to Adolphe's region the little Gates girl giggled nervously whereupon Dupree put his hand over her mouth, and it was thus with irreverent mirth effectually tempered, and the proper awe in the antecedency, that the five honored ones came finally into the presence of the cook who had sent them daily for months beautiful evidence of his ability to fulfill the glowing promise of the Cote d'Or's card.

Adolphe stood in the center of his kitchen, massive, bald even below his snowy cap, the red of his face the only spots of color in an otherwise white domain, in one hand a monster fork they would always remember, those five.

At last Adolphe spoke; soft, pleasing was his voice. Afterwards they told one another that at sound of it they were reminded of the liquid smoothness of his bouillabaisse.

"You think I am great," he said, and they made no attempt to deny it, "you call me master of cooks, and not for one moment have you guess the secret of my power. It lies here, and he lifted a fold of his spotless apron, while the five marveled, "here in this my apron. To you maybe, an apron, nothing else. To me *parbleu*! all what you say—divine fire! Twenty year ago he give it to me he my teacher, the great master, Bertrand le Bouillon himself, of Paris. From himself he took it, and to me it was given. Never am I without it. At night I carry it to my home, and Nanette *ma femme* makes it white for the morrow. As the painter or the sculptor has his model to furnish the pattern—ah, the

inspiration—so to me is the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon.

Would it wear out? Horrors! Would this apron wear out? Monsieur Casserole, hastily summoned from conference on the weather with another diner, brought reassurance in his smooth French way. It would not wear out. Like a board, so was it made. Always it would last—at least, so long as Adolphe lived. "Which, Heaven grant," added Monsieur Casserole, with an eye to business as well as to the welfare of his chef, "may be for many years yet to come."

"But," cried the little Gates girl, and the terror in her eyes was such that Dupree grasped her hand under shelter of the cloth, "the apron might be lost."

The expressive face of Monsieur went quickly pale. His lip twitched. He threw up his hands.

"A merciful God forbid!" he cried, "for me and my café it would spell ruin. Ten years I have wined and dined the best of our people here under the elevated. Ten years Adolphe has worn that apron; ten years no one has had anything but praise for that which I have served. Lost? Maybe. Then the end of the Café Côte d'Or."

But the apron was not lost. The Café Côte d'Or pursued calmly its pleasant way of lightening hearts by charming palates, the diners still came, their satisfaction increased, and dreams were still the order of the night over the cordial and the coffee after the filets of Adolphe. All went smoothly enough to justify that never-clouded smile with which Madame bade the happy diner farewell. The months slipped by.

"As the painter has his model so to me is the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon"

And then one night the door of the café opened, much as though it were admitting an artist or a poet, and a villain entered the Côte d'Or and the story.

He was a rascal, a Parisian ne'er-do-well; well had Monsieur Casserole known him, this Lefourbe, in the earlier days at home. Well also had he known his unsavory reputation. And for this reason Monsieur Casserole frowned when his countryman held out his hand.

"I, too, have sought this land so great," the newcomer said, "to find if there be a fortune for me also waiting here. You have done well, Antoine. Everywhere they tell me of the Côte d'Or. I have come to find what flavor it is in your food that has won the hearts and opened the purses of these busy people."

"So be it," Casserole replied; "it shall be our pleasure to serve you."

"What brings you at this hour so unheard of?"

He spoke as kindly as he could, but later, when he saw the eyes of Lefourbe as they gazed on one of Adolphe's steaming dishes, his heart was hard, and he wished one might without dishonor deny an acquaintance who had not offended except by evil report.

Monsieur Lefourbe dined long, for even a rogue may understand an omelet, and dream a rogue's dream over an ancient wine. When he paused by Madame's cage, with the money Monsieur Casserole would on no account accept from an old acquaintance, he lifted his eyebrows ever so slightly.

"And Adolphe," he inquired, "he is still with you? And he still clings to his superstition—oh, so foolish—of the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon?"

Monsieur Casserole shrugged his shoulders.

"Adolphe, he is still our chef," he said.

"Ah!" said Monsieur Lefourbe softly, and he went out under the elevated. For once Madame Casserole neglected to smile over her prolific chin.

Three weeks later Lefourbe opened the Café Glacial almost directly across the narrow street from the Cote d'Or. Most brilliantly, with music that by its rhythm awakened memories of that far-off city, he opened to the public his Parisian cafe.

Most sumptuously was it furnished. Its lights shone dazzlingly, so did its silver; snowy was its linen, and deferential was the host of waiters that should serve the patrons with Parisian dishes and Parisian wines.

But despite its splendor, it did not thrive. Only an occasional diner, straying by chance into the narrow street, ignorant of the Paradise that beckoned in the guise of the Côte d'Or, came to try the dishes of the Café Glacial. No clan grew up that made the Glacial their shrine, their goal at evening.

And then one gray morning disaster knocked at the door of Monsieur Casserole's rooms over the Cote d'Or—disaster that took the material shape of a pale, gasping chef.

Clad only in his nightgown, and blinking like an owl caught in the sun, Monsieur Casserole faced the panting Adolphe.

"What brings you at this hour, so unheard of?" he asked, sharply.

Adolphe sank into a near-by chair and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook.

"Gone!" he sobbed. "Ah, Monsieur, it is quite gone!"

"What is gone?" A horrible suspicion swept through Monsieur Casserole's mind, and the next instant saw it confirmed.

"The apron of Bertrand de Bouillon the master! Forever gone!"

Monsieur Casserole also sank into a chair, and also buried his face in his hands.

"*Le travail du diable*," he groaned. "What is this? For ten years I——"

"As a painter or a sculptor has his model—" began Adolphe tearfully, but Casserole cut him off.

"*Malpeste*! A thousand times I have heard that. Search! Search! It is not for strong men to sit weeping."

"All the night I have search," Adolphe cried. "On the fire escape

outside our flat Nanette the wife hangs the apron of the master each evening to dry, when she has washed from it the stains of the day's work. There last night she placed it. Again, she come for it. *Morbleu!* It is gone! The apron of Bertrand de Bouillon, without which——"

Monsieur Casserole stood up and groped blindly for his clothes.

"The Côte d'Or must go on without it," he said firmly, though his lip twitched.

"*Nom d'un nom*, how?" shrieked Adolphe. "Without it! *Tonnerre de Brest!* As well might the world go on without the sun. The apron of the master, the inspiration for my bouillabaisse, my omelets, my filets. Without it! Of all ideas the most impossible!"

"The Côte d'Or goes on without it," repeated Monsieur Casserole, with added firmness.

And it did, but, oh, how dolefully! When the first regular patron tasted his filet that night, he looked up quickly as though some one had dealt him a blow. Hurriedly he summoned Monsieur Casserole, who came, hollow cheeked, wild eyed, as a man sick of a fever.

"What is this?" cried the patron, as though he believed himself the victim of a bad dream. "Soggy with grease! Cold! Tough as the dish for a hod carrier! Never in the days I have eaten here——"

"Ah, Monsieur, spare me!" cried Casserole. "Our chef, he is ill. So, most poorly does he cook to-day. Monsieur is at liberty to dine elsewhere until the chef recovers."

"Never!" cried the diner. It has been mentioned that the Côte d'Or was with some a religion. "Never! The wine is still the best in the world I will dine here, and on wine, waiting the recovery of the poor chef."

So spoke the other regular patrons, among them the five who alone knew of the apron of inspiration, and who alone heard the story of its loss. Too loyal, too sincere in their worship, were the lovers of the Côte d'Or, to desert it in the dark hour that had come upon it. Dolefully, as became those dining in a house of desolation, they stayed on, making nightly vain efforts to eat filets that were burned in grease, omelets that stayed long on the stomach's conscience, *baba au rhum* that seemed an abomination in the eyes of all diners of discrimination, coffee most unspeakable, yet none dropped from the ranks. Ah, it was a noble martyrdom, was that of the Côte d'Or's faithful!

But not as martyrs did all who had been accustomed to seek this lost Paris shine. There were many who came there only to eat—not to dream themselves back across the sea in the gay city, not to fix in their minds the name Côte d'Or inseparably with the hour of dining. These, when the blow fell, but sighed and went away. They went away, and *mon Dieu!* did not Monsieur Casserole, standing sadly in the front of his once crowded but now nearly emptied cafe, see whither they went? The doors of the Cafe Glacial swung often and merrily, the place buzzed with trade, the waiters smiled at thought of the last liberal tip as they hurried about among the crowded tables. Monsieur Lefourbe, glancing out occasionally toward the now cheerless Café Cote d'Or, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Three weeks of sorrow and pathetic martyrdom dragged slowly by. The smile of Madame Casserole had become nothing but a memory. One night the five—Dupree and the Gates girl, Masters the medical and Hargrave the hack, and Betty Martin—gathered at the Côte d'Or in a solemn conclave and discussed the marvelous apron of Bertrand de Bouillon, and its mysterious disappearance. The proprietor hovered over their table and bemoaned, as indeed he did continually now, the loss of his trade, his reputation, and finally his hope.

"Ah, if only Adolphe had never found it in his head—this idea so foolish of the apron! Me, I cannot understand."

Masters the medical smiled. "The artistic temperament," he said, and glanced at Dupree, who painted, and the others, who wrote. "It is not for you and me to try to understand that, Monsieur. Now, medically, I could very easily explain this freak of Adolphe's. It is a very common form of monomania. I might give you the scientific name for it. It is known as——"

"Not much," broke in Hargrave. "You don't throw anything like that at a man who is down, at least not while I am around. By the way, Casserole, I have been wondering—is there nowhere we could obtain an apron like this Bertrand de Bouillon thing? Minus the inspiration—the master influence, you know—but not so minus that Adolphe would get wise."

"Ah! to fool Adolphe on this apron—surely you propose it jokingly," sighed Monsieur Casserole. "The apron of his master—by a mere touch, by the way his heart made music or was sad when he put it on, he would know. Besides," he added more practically, "not outside of Paris ten years ago could an apron made as this, with such buckles, be obtained. I have—I have tried. *Non*, the Côte d'Or is a thing of the past."

Dupree suddenly got up from his chair and sent a waiter for a cab. The others looked after him wonderingly.

"Back in a minute," he cried from the door; 'as you love me, wait for me." And he rushed out

Still wondering they waited almost in silence sipping the wine that was the one remaining badge of the cafe's erstwhile glory. In twenty minutes Dupree was back carrying a bundle. He opened it, and to——

"The apron of Bertrand de Bouillon!" Monsieur Casserole fairly screamed

"Not exactly," said Dupree. "Not only the apron of a poor art student, in the days when he dined at the cafe where Bertrand ruled supreme. Ten years ago at a little shop in the Quarter, I bought this apron to protect my only suit of clothes from the [illegible] paint—and now I bless the poverty that made it necessary. For behold, I have ushered in sunshine. I have brought again to the face of Madame Casserole that long absent smile. If any gentleman will kindly pass me two eggs and a rabbit, I will endeavor——"

"*Non, non,*" broke in Casserole. "It is wild. It is impossible." But his eyes shone with a light that had been a stranger to them for weeks. "To deceive Adolphe—ah, that is too much! We cannot do it."

"Pish, tush!" said Masters. "Adolphe is only the victim of a mental hallucination. Tell him this is the apron of the mighty Bertic Bouillon, and his omelets will again taste like advance agents of heaven. But how shall we slip this long-lost piece of dry goods back to him?"

Dupree's plan prevailed. A small boy was brought in from the street, taught his story, and with the bogus apron pushed out into the marvelous kitchen where Adolphe, forlorn dreamer, struggled with the dishes it had once been the joy of his life to prepare. One look he got at the apron, and he pounced upon it in a frenzy of delight. He hugged it to his bosom, he smoothed out tenderly the rumpled folds, he wept in the ecstasy of his happiness. Then he shouted for Monsieur Casserole, waiting tremblingly within call.

"It is back," he cried, *mon vieux tablier*, it is back. So long, so long without it, and ah, the dreary omelets I have prepared alone! As the painter, or the sculptor——"

Oui. Yes, verily, it is the apron," said Monsieur Casserole. "Ah, Adolphe, never did I expect to live for this happiness! Put it on, Adolphe. Put it on."

"*Oui! Oui!* Never again is it to leave me." Adolphe struggled madly with the buckles. "Never! Will it I sleep. *Oui*, it is on. The omelets. Now let me hear the orders."

They came. Les argots à la Casserole salsifis Omelet soufflé. And the hand of the master was at work again! Ah, what dishes did Adolphe

not send out by the smiling waiters of the Côte d'Or that night! Madame Casserole lured back the long absent smile to its place above the encored chin: Monsieur Caserole again hovered over his guests with the hope that all was well, this time certain of his replies.

Dupree took one mouthful of an omelet, and felt it melting into a liquid delight. His face grew suddenly sad. Margaret Gates, happy again over her beloved escargots, always quick to catch his moods, saw it.

"What is it, Billy?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered, with a sigh. "I was just thinking—why couldn't that have been the apron of genius in the days when I wore it?"

"Does it make you so very unhappy Billy?"

"What?"

"That the theater pays you so much money for the scenes you paint, when you might be starving and worshiping Art somewhere—in an attic?"

"It is a great cross to bear," he answered, smiling. "If only you would help me bear it, dear. When, oh, when, are you going to surrender? Or must I give up both you and my Art?"

The little Gates girl pretended to taste the food that Adolphe had prepared. But most unkindly it began to choke her. She was so happy; Madame Casserole, Monsieur, the guests, Adolphe in the kitchen, the waiters—all were so happy. In the eyes of Billy Dupree alone sadness lingered. She had always intended to take him some day. Now she looked at him, a great tenderness in her eyes.

"If you wish," she whispered, "a week from to-day—I will marry you."

Ah! there was joy in the Café Côte d'Or the night the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon came back, and on the nights that followed. Word soon spread among the old patrons that the odd indisposition of Adolphe the great chef was at an end, and they flocked back in droves, crowding the tables and waiting by the cage of Madame for seats.

It was as though the Côte d'Or were a ship that had been a long time at sea, and had now come home again to find a host of friends waiting on the dock with words of love and cheer. Across the street, in the Café Glacial, the lights again shone on unused silver and vacant chairs. Monsieur Lefourbe, gazing out at the Cote d'Or, cursed like one of the villains in the shows for which Dupree painted the scenery.

The little Gates girl and the artist were married on the day she had set, and that night at the Cote d'Or the largest table was reserved for their wedding supper, to which only Masters, Bertrand, and Betty Martin were invited. Monsieur hovered about them continually, a dumb gratitude in his eyes. The best that Adolphe could cook—and those who were again reveling in his dishes knew what that meant—he sent to that table.

Long into the night many patrons celebrated the renaissance of the café that was their religion, their goal, their shrine. Long into the night they sat over cordial and coffee, after the adorable dishes of Adolphe, dreaming themselves back under the awnings of the gay city, in the shade of the absinthe frappé.

At length the other diners, ended their dreams and paid their bills, and only the five remained.

Madame Casserole came out of her cage and waddled toward them, in all the glory of her smile. Monsieur closed the door on the last jovial guest, and also came toward them, smiling. Never, it seemed, had there been a happier moment in the Café Côte d'Or.

And then a terrible thing happened.

The door opened and he came in, that rogue Lefourbe, unsavory keeper of an impossible café. Under his arm he carried something of cloth. Unseeing he passed the diners and their hosts, and, pushing open the swinging doors, walked straight into the kingdom of Adolphe.

"Even a rogue may understand an omelet"

With one accord Monsieur and Madame, terror on their faces, followed. Dupree motioned to the crowd, and, with him leading, the five swept past the barrier into that sacred, that marvelous kitchen.

Lefourbe was holding toward Adolphe an apron, and the latter stood as a man in a dream listening to the rascal's words.

"One night, as I wandered in a side street, the wind swept this in my path," Lefourbe lied blithely. "I picked it up. Then I thought it only an apron. But to-day did I learn that it is the apron of the great Bertrand de Bouillon. But to-day did the name of the owner reach me. Me, I am very sorry. I hastened here with it. Ah, that I have caused no inconvenience!"

He gazed about him sneeringly.

"Not for worlds would I have caused inconvenience."

Adolphe's face was not pleasant to look upon. He took in his hand the restored apron of the master, and turned on Monsieur Casserole.

"This, what is it that it means?" he screamed.

Terror was written in every line of Casserole's face. Lefourbe laughed to see it.

"Forgive me, Adolphe," cried the proprietor of the Côte d'Or piteously; "for the good of our café I did it. For the good of all of us. *Morbleu*! I must do it or——"

"For a week," roared Adolphe, and his face was terrible to see, "without the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon I have cooked, and that which I have cooked has been such as might have won the praise of the master himself. Without the inspiration of his gift, alone, not gaining hourly from his beloved apron the strength to cook for his glory and that of France. This I have done?"

Lefourbe spoke. "So, Adolphe, you have done. Without the apron of inspiration. *Non*, with an apron oh, so base, forced on you by enemies. As the painter or the sculptor——"

"*Malpeste*! So be it!" cried Adolphe.

The door of the great stove was open, within the red coals glowed savagely. Before anyone had grasped his purpose, had dreamed of an enormity so great, Adolphe had thrown into the fire the gift of the master, Bertrand de Bouillon. The flames caught it gleefully, as though they had long waited such food from the hand of such a chef. They swirled about it madly. In a second the apron of genius was but a mass of glowing ashes.

"*Mon Dieu*! what is this you have done?" shrieked Monsieur Casserole. "You have ruined us all, you fool! Where is my café now? In a second

Continued on page 290

In the Forefront

MRS G R BAKER THE GOOD ANGEL OF CANADIAN PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISES. DR C C JAMES CHAMPION OF THE CANADIAN APPLE: AUGUSTUS STEPHEN VOGT WHO HAS WON FAME AND FAVOR FOR HIS MENDELSSOHN CHOIR HARRY BRITTON F.R.C.A., ARTIST AND IMPRESSIONIST

SINCE the beginning of the war there has been raised, through the organization of one woman, nearly $130,000 for charitable and patriotic purposes. That one woman is Mrs. G. R. Baker, of Toronto.

But this capable lady did not develop her gift of organization, her business acumen and her largeness of vision in a day. As long ago as thirty-three years she organized a Rainbow Bazaar which realized, for the Ladies' Aid of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church $1,800—a lot of money in those days.

For twenty-two years she has been on the board of the Hospital for Incurables, more than half of that time on the executive. During those years the buying has been her particular care, and to meet the need of each patient is her dearest wish. To watch her move through the wards is to see something of that big, human interest which is so large a factor in her success. A handshake here, a pat on the shoulder there and a merry word to another patient as she passes through, serve to strew her pathway with smiles. One old blind man lifts his face to the light and says, "Eh, but if I could only see you," and a blind woman, in a quiet room, as Mrs. Baker silently touches her white hair cries, without a moment's hesitation,

"Ah, Mrs. Baker, it's you!"

Mrs. Baker, on her part, puts such questions as, "Are you comfortable on your new air bed?" "How do you like the nice woolly wristlets my friend made for you?" or "Can you hear me now, with the new ear trumpet?" She cares for the entertainment of the patients, too, and so popular are the series of concerts she gets up each winter that the fall days bring the frequent question.

"Say, Mrs. Baker, when're you going to open the season?"

And during much of this time "why don't you telephone Mrs. Baker?" has been a familiar question in many a Toronto household where any matter of philanthropy was concerned, from the employment of a needy furnace man to the equipping of a dispensary. On the boards of many charities, active in all works of kindness, in touch with numberless individuals, Mrs. Baker has been an encyclopedia of information and an employment bureau in one and has responded most cheerfully to every call upon her time and energy.

"When I got home last night," she told the writer recently, "I found fifteen telephone calls awaiting me."

And it is safe to say that every call would concern some case of need or

Mrs. Baker has raised nearly $130,000 for charitable purposes since the war. She is an encyclopedia of information and an employment bureau in one and she responds cheerfully to every call

some matter of public or private service.

For in time it got beyond households and Ladies' Aids and a few years ago great organizations, with thousands of members and scores of branches began to "ask Mrs. Baker" when they wanted expert advice as to the needs of one charity or the organization of another.

The first big undertaking that Mrs. Baker organized under modern conditions was the enterprise, she says, which pleased her most, the Rainbow Bazaar, which celebrated the Dickens Centenary and realized $5,000.

"I had the great pleasure," she said, "of allotting $2,000 to the late Mr. L. S. Williamson, President of the Dickens Fellowship, of Toronto, for the endowment of the Dickens Cot in the Home for Incurable Children."

The next two thousand endowed, in the same institution, what was proposed as the Alice Baker Cot, but, at Mrs. Baker's own request, was finally called the Rainbow Cot. The rest of the money went towards current expenses but that $4,000 Mrs. Baker regards as the most soul-satisfying of all her earnings for it means the support of two little white cots, and all that goes with them of love and care for two little chronic invalids always.

Since then Mrs. Baker has carried through a number of bazaars, even the Woman's Art Bazaar, held since the beginning of the war making $8,000, and the most recent one, the Heather Club Floral Bazaar held on the 25th of November resulting in nearly $6,000 for the great work of that organization in preventing tuberculosis among children.

Most famous of all the achievements of this lady of many activities, however, are Toronto's four great "tag days" beginning with Hospital Ship Day, when approximately $33,000 was raised for the Hospital Ship Fund, the first and immediate effort of Canadian women to help in the work of the war. The following June saw $23,000 collected in the streets of Toronto on Queen Alexandra Rose Day for children's charities; after which came Queen Mary White Rose Day for consumptive children, when $15,000 resulted from similar methods of appeal, and last of all came Khaki Day, when, in honor of the memory of King Edward the VII., the funds of the Citizen's Recruiting League were augmented by $35,000.

On each of these occasions the city was divided into districts patrolled by groups of pretty girls selling the dainty emblems of the day and each group having its headquarters in an appropriately decorated motor car presided over by a chaperon. Each district was in charge of a captain. There were hundreds of motors and thousands of girls enlisted for this service.

But Mrs. Baker is not confined to one way of doing things. She conducted a Violet Day by telephone and made $800 for the Infant's Home. There are two cardinal principles, however, upon which all her methods are founded, and one is of the head and the other of the heart. The first is "Large money for small outlay"—the Dickens Rainbow Bazaar made $5,000 on an expenditure of $100. The second is "Many little gifts rather than a few big ones." By the working out of this rule many givers as well as many recipients have their hearts warmed.

The success of these undertakings drew requests all the way from Chicago, that Mrs. Baker go to organize charitable enterprises there. She was also approached a number of times with suggestions that she turn her powers of organization into commercial channels. This latter she has finally decided to do, while reserving, at the same time, the privilege of continuing to help with her main philanthropic projects.

And now, in a suite of attractive offices in a big building on King Street, under a very generous salary, perhaps the largest paid to any woman in Ontario, this energetic woman is organizing, for the North American Life Assurance Company, a woman's department. This work she approaches with all the zest and originality she has brought to bear on everything she has ever touched. The ladies who are to be the Company's representatives she is training by no set rules but according to her own ideas. Rate books, she declares, are as complicated as a Continental Time Table, until you know how to read them, so she has asked a member of the men's staff to write out ten questions, examination-fashion. These she answers herself, in a woman's way and a way intelligible to women. This is just one detail of her method, and Tact, Patience and Perseverance are her watchwords. By these means she promises, as on Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary Days the city rang with roses, to make it presently ring with insurance.

These are glimpses of Mrs. Baker at her busiest, and those who know her best realize that in her most indolent moments she is busy. One of her great pleasures for years has been her connection with the Toronto Canoe Club, of which she is one of the two lady members. When the Club was young she devoted herself wholeheartedly to its interests and in remembrance of those happy and helpful associations the Commodore and his

Continued on page 290

The Case of Spy, McIntosh & Co.

By Betty D. Thornley

IT WAS one o'clock and therefore lunch time. The Shopperlady would have liked to seek out a retired tea-room with glad yellow curtains and a bunch of daisies on a table for two.

But no. The Shopperlady's purse looked like an Armenian famine orphan. So she went to—ssh! you mustn't even mention names in a magazine article. 'Twould be advertising. Despite the fact that this particular restaurant has so many clattering branches and subbranches that you couldn't publicitify it if you wanted to.

"Coffee," she thought, "Butter cakes indigestible but delicious—and a baked apple with cream."

Then it was that she remembered the *Globe*.

The *Globe* is a good newspaper but, for comfort, over-conscienceful. There had been a letter on the Woman's Page that morning signed "C. C. James," protesting against the Canadian damsel who was so unpatriotic as to eat a Rome Beauty or a Winesap in preference to a Northern Spy or a McIntosh—all four being of the genus apple and tasting delicious with cream.

C. C. James is a patriot. He says you ought to secure the waiter by the ear and ascertain whether your apple has taken out naturalization papers, before you eat it. If it is a south-of-the-border, duty-paying interloper, you are being unfair to Canadian fruit growers.

The Shopperlady ate the apple. It was American. But good. Afterward she hunted up C. C. J——who was Dr. James in real life and could have signed himself Agricultural Commissioner for the Dominion Government if he'd wanted to put on side. She did it for a penance. But it turned into an article and it tasted good.

A Government is a funny sort of thing. It has human children who have votes and grouches. It has a voiceless family also—wheat and coal and horses and fish and apples and nickel—the digging out or bedding down or parcelling up of which con-

sume the working hours of the human children. A Government has to be multi-minded, omnipresent and on the job for twenty four hours a day If a Graingrowers' Grouch materializes or a Fruitgrowers' Howl, the Government grabs its ear trumpet and listens like grim death.

The war has intensified all howls save those of the contented army supply maker who has his nose so deep in the cream that he can't even purr One of the greatest howl-adjusters at present in action is called the Economics Commission, whose parliamentary-worded charter sets out that it will consider improved methods of production with a view to a better return to the producer, whom it will assist by instruction and demonstration; that it will endeavor to increase the acreage under production, attract immigration, stimulate co-operation among the producers and provide cold storage and abattoir facilities

One of the first cases to come before the Commission is that of Spy, McIntosh and Co., who want a fence built along the boundary line to keep out their American-apple cousins

The situation in British Columbia where Friend McIntosh lives and grows rosy is the most critical of all There are about 30,000 apple acres, with some 2,291,173 trees, 40 per cent of them bearing. The 1915 season saw 787,750 boxes packed and labelled, "B. C." Sounds good, eh?

So far, yes. But in the 1900-09 period when the Government was encouraging the fruit growers to pinprick the whole Okanagan Valley and stick in his trees so that the prairies should never have to go appleless to bed, the same thing was happening in Washington and Oregon, only on a much larger scale

'The North Western States have planted enough apples to supply their markets several times over," said R. M. Winslow, Secretary of the B. C Fruit Growers Association who was sent east to present the McIntosh end of the case to the Economics Commission 'Their product has not, for years past, been sold to average the cost of production. The greater part of their orchards must be cut out. Of the 550,000 acres reported to have been planted, 75 per cent. or more must go under to enable the balance to survive The growers are in bad shape financially and most of them utterly discouraged. Liquidation is the order of the day In the four years ending with 1915, the average selling price, according to their own authorities, has been over 20 cents a box below average cost of production

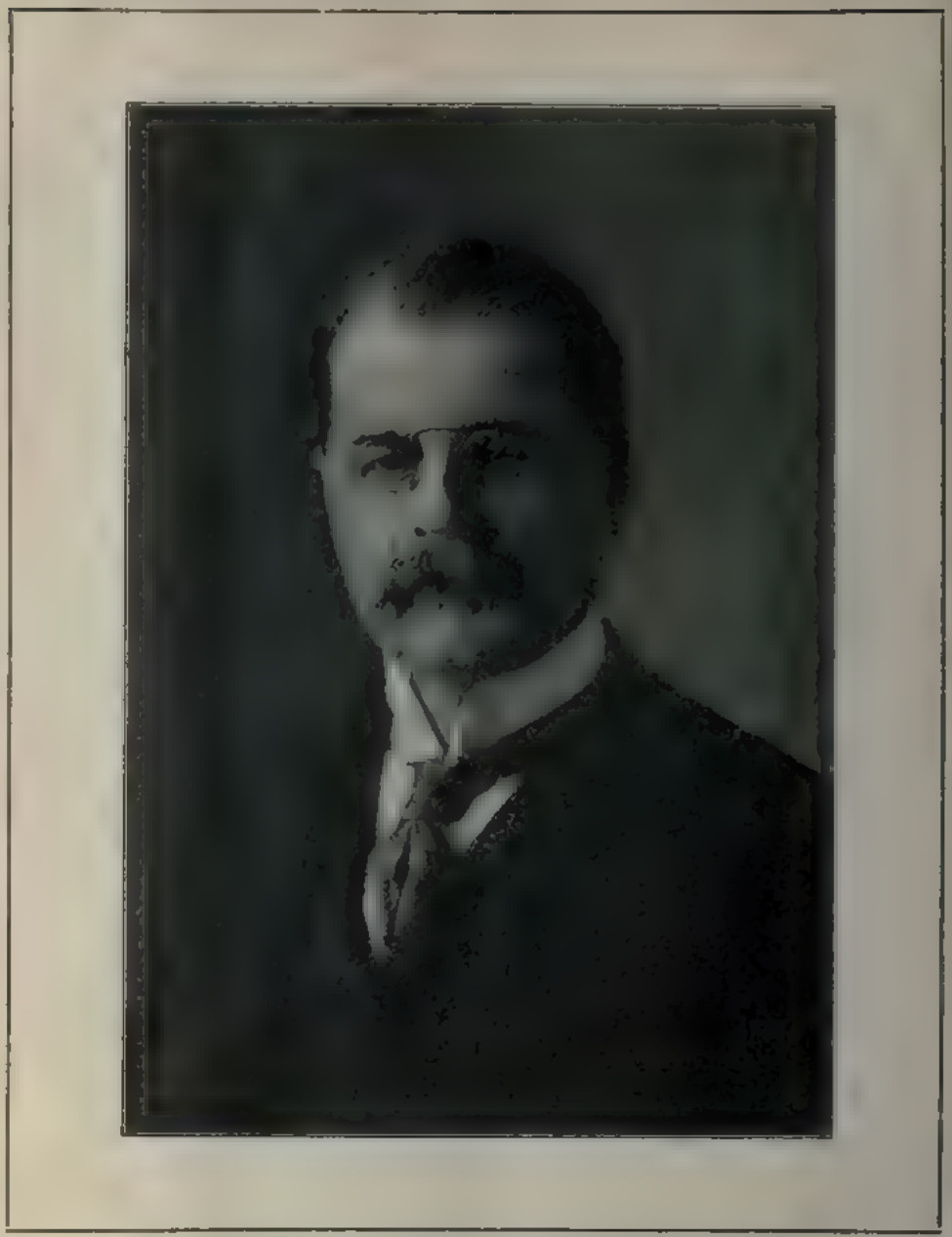
"They use Western Canada and similar agricultural sections in the United States to get rid of their low grade apples. Eighty-five per cent of their shipments to Canada are "C" grade, about equal to our No. 2. The average f. o. b., selling price of North Western apples shipped to Canada in the past four years is under 70 cents a box, showing a loss of nearly 40 cents a box under average cost of production. It is under such conditions that we have marketed, and must continue to market, 90 per cent. of our crop

"There is every reason to believe that the 1916 crop in the North Western States will be at least double the 1914 crop, or treble that of 1915. We are advised that the growers and their selling agents generally despair of successful marketing, that, in fact, the conditions of 1914, bad as they were will be reproduced in greater intensity next year"

The Fruitgrowers state that there has been no excess planting and overproduction in British Columbia. And they do not fear normal trade competition. But is it fair, they ask, that Canadian apple men be ruined in an effort to delay the crash that is bound to come south of the border.

There were 28,000 commercial fruitgrowers in British Columbia in 1914. Eight hundred of these have gone to the war. Even at that, when you know that 70 per cent. of the total holdings are in apples, you realize that Friend McIntosh is a big problem. And yet he's only a one-province proposition when you put him up to the Agricultural Commissioner who has the whole of Canada to consider

Dr. James was at the Guelph Agricultural College from 1886 to 1891 when he became Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, which posi-



Dr. C. C. James is a patriot. He says you should ascertain whether your apple has taken out naturalization papers before you eat it

tion he held until 1912 when he assumed his present Dominion-wide duties.

"The apple growing conditions in Canada are ideal," said Dr. James. "Nova Scotia apples are justly famous and New Brunswick's St. John Valley is as good. Southern Quebec has some splendid localities and of course Ontario can't be beaten, nor can British Columbia. The north shore of Lake Ontario owns a strip three or four miles wide that will soon be a regular succession of orchards.

"But Canadians don't properly appreciate their own fruit. If they studied the different varieties of apples and their uses, there wouldn't be nearly the demand for out of season stuff.

"Every species has its own good points. I had a little controversy recently in the 'Canadian Countryman' on the subject of the Ben Davis. People say it isn't a good eating apple. Neither it is. It wasn't meant to be. But when it comes to preserving, it's ideal. In the same way there are apples that never show up till you bake them or make jelly out of them."

To the end that Mrs. Canada shall learn what manner of dainties may be made to grow out of an apple barrel or a peach basket, the B. C. Government has issued a pretty little booklet with Friend McIntosh, red as a tomato, on the cover. Inside there are two hundred and twenty-five fruit recipes together with full-face portraits of all the beauties in the apple family.

In Ontario Mr. Percy W. Hodgetts is now High Chief Appleman—in other and more dignified words he is Director of the Fruit Branch of the Department of Agriculture. If any housekeeper wants advice on what kind of apples to buy or information as to where to get them a card to Mr. Hodgetts at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, will bring a speedy reply. Mr. D. Johnson, Fruit Commissioner at Ottawa, also stands with his hat off ready to help. So what more can the Government do?

Mr. Hodgetts and Mr. Winslow, of B. C., are working together. Why? For the same reason as the Home Rulers go arm in arm with the Ulsterites these days. There is a common foe. When Rome Beauty has been interned in his natural habitat, doubtless Ontario and the Coast will once more squabble over the market of the plains.

In the meantime, they say in chorus, if you've got to have a shiny big apple, get a McIntosh if you live West; insist on a Northern Spy if you're of the East. Help the Economics Commission raise the exports of Canada above her imports; help Dr. James and the Department of Agriculture to help the applegrower and the applegrower in turn will help you.

Dr. Vogt The Napoleon of Choral Music

Who has introduced military discipline into his rehearsals

By Hugh S. Eayrs

WHO was it that said "movements are men"? It doesn't matter. who it was that laid down the axiom. Sufficient for the moment to prove its truth once more in the matter of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto and Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt. Among many choirs, of all sorts and conditions, the Mendelssohn again and again has been placed first. Musical critics who know whereof they write agree in singing the praises of this organization, made-in-Canada and thoroughly representatively Canadian When one looks at the history of this national institution he wonders how it came to its eminence. How has it succeeded? How has it kept together? How, in the face of obstacles, has it collectively made so surprisingly good? The answer is because, getting back to the text in the first sentence of this, the Mendelssohn Choir is—Vogt. It is the reflection of him: to change the simile and apply the Scriptures, it is his five talents made ten; it is the large and peculiarly splendid harvest of this Canadian sower. The Choir held its annual concerts recently in Toronto. The net result chorally and financially was better than ever, and on the principle that it is better to hand bouquets to folk who deserve them. at the moment of their so deserving, than to offer them as a memorial, this article aims to compliment the Choir and Vogt on its immediate performances, besides emphasizing to readers of *Canada Monthly* the national and duplicate asset they have in both.

Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt

It is good, I admit, to think that the Mendelssohn is a national institution and possession. Not Yorkshire, or Staffordshire, or Wales or any other *locale* of spectacular singing was the, *best* choir—not these, but Canada. The man who gave it to his country is a Canadian, born in Elmira, Ontario, about fifty-five years ago. His parents came to this country from Germany Augustus Stephen was always musically inclined. He played the organ in the church which he attended in his native town when he was in his teens. Soon after his majority he went to Boston and studied the piano and organ there Then, giving up much that he might gratify a passionate longing, he visited Europe and spent considerable time at musical centres there. Coming back on the boat he learned that Jarvis Street Church in Toronto needed an organist and choirmaster. He went after the job and got it. He had his troubles in bringing about the reformation in the musical end of the service which he had planned. At this time he had already been struck by the sweet effect of singing without accompaniment. He tried it out on the conservative congregation one night. The singing of a hymn was in progress. He shut off the organ Pause. More pause. Vogt started his organ again, and the choir—which had been the only part of the congregation to continue singing when the organ stopped—was joined again by the main body. But Vogt had blazed the trail, and unaccompanied singing became a feature at Jarvis Street in those da of the early nineties, when it was fashionable as well as wise to go to Church

Vogt for some time had been fired with the idea of starting a choral society which should do tip-top work

Continued on page 280

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"It's not all," said Jeffrey. "It's not all, but it's enough!"

"It's a photograph of Irene, isn't it?" asked Richards.

"Yes. It's a photograph of Irene Fournier."

Then he caught his breath. "But we've got to be quick," he said.

He laid down the plate and began struggling into his overcoat. "You'll come with us?" he said to Richards. It was meant for a question, but the urgency of it made it sound more like an order.

"Where to?"

"To Beech Hill. You've got a motor-boat. We can go in that. It's shorter by river than it is by road."

"What do you want to go there for? There's no one there but Dr. Crow, and he'll most likely have gone back to bed by this time. And how do you know I've got a motor-boat?"

"There is some one there besides Crow," said Jeffrey, "somebody who won't be there very much longer."

Then he turned to Jack. "Get out your car as quickly as you can. Take Gwendolyn with you. Drive to Beech Hill, wide open. We'll be there ahead of you, because the river way's shorter. But if, through any accident we aren't, get into the house. Don't mind if no one answers. Make all the row you can—and get in! It's a life and death case, Jack."

Richards was still hesitating. "I don't know why in thunder I should go off on a wild goose chase at half-past five in the morning just because a picture of Irene Fournier measures in inches instead of—"

"Richards," said Jeffrey, "did I ever tell you a thing was a fact when it wasn't? Have I ever started you on a wild goose chase? I tell you now that Dr. Crow isn't alone at Beech Hill, or wasn't two hours ago. He will be before very long. And it's a matter of life and death that we get there first."

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey [illegible] two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house. They find Barton, wounded and incoherent, and they hurry him to the hotel where Jack and Gwendolyn are staying. When Barton is able to do so he recounts his [illegible] murder of [illegible] and the [illegible] Crow. Barton [illegible] Jeffrey [illegible] portrait of Crow's girl [illegible] Barton [illegible] his possession a [illegible] likeness of the dead girl, he measures [illegible] and is astonished to find that it is of American rather than French manufacture.

"All right," said Richards. "Come along. But I'd like to know how you knew I had a motor-boat?"

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT WE SAW IN THE CAVE

Outside the hotel we met a leather-clad man who looked something like a chauffeur. He touched his flat cap to Richards. "I hope you got the man who stole the automobile, lieutenant," he said.

Jeffrey laughed. "Surely, he got him," he said. "Did you ever know the lieutenant to fail?"

"Back to the boat, Kelly," said Richards. "We've got another job to-night. Up the river again."

"He's the runner of the police-boat," the lieutenant explained to me as we went pelting down a steep, cobble-paved street in pursuit of Jeffrey and the engineer. We ran and stumbled and slipped along in the dark for a while without a word. But presently Richards spoke to me.

"Do you know how he knew I had a motor-boat?" he asked.

"Why," I panted, "he knew that Barton was at Beech Hill and that you were watching Barton. We'd run off with the automobile, and I suppose he figured that the only way you could have got back so soon would be in a motor-boat. We hadn't been back very long when you turned up, and we must have got a pretty good start of you."

"It isn't his running off with the car that makes me sore," confided Richards, "though I'll admit I was mad enough when my shore party came down to the river and told me the man

I was looking for had gotten away and taken our automobile with him. The thing that gets my goat is that Jeffrey should have hung out a bluff that I was all wrong in suspecting Barton and that the real game was somewhere else altogether, and all the while he was tracking Barton himself on his own hook, just to carry him off under my nose!

"If he'd said, 'I want Barton, too; I'll take my way to find him and you take yours,' that would have been on the level."

"But," I exclaimed, "Jeffrey wasn't——" And then I stopped short. It had been on the tip of my tongue to tell him that our getting hold of Barton was the purest accident and that Jeffrey had been perfectly sincere in saying he was after other game.

Another minute and we were down on the boat-landing. In the dim glimmer of the boat's lights I could see that Jeffrey and Kelly, the engineer, had already got aboard and cast off. Jeffrey was holding on to the landing with a boat-hook and adjuring us to hurry.

Richards and I tumbled in astern. Jeffrey seated himself in the bow beside Kelly, and with a rush and a roar we were off.

Already the river was widening, and presently we made out through the dark the blunt end of the island—Hog Island, I think, is the local name of it.

Jeffrey came aft and joined Richards and me. "Of course, the nearest way," he said, "is to the right, up the main channel. If time weren't such a factor, I'd take the other. The house commands a pretty good view of this channel, and what with the daylight and the noise we're making, he'll have warning that we're coming a good while before we get there."

"Who'll have warning?" said Richards.

"Crow," said Jeffrey.

"Crow!" Richards exclaimed. "I thought you wanted to warn Crow."

Jeffrey didn't answer that question. "You saw Crow yourself?" he asked.

"Sure," said Richards.

"What was he doing?"

"Just what any man would be doing whose house had just been broken into by a burglar. He'd got up and dressed and was out looking for him with a gun. I met him when I came ashore after I heard the shot fired. He didn't seem particularly glad to see me, but he acted sore enough when my other men came up, and said that the fellows we were after had evidently got away and taken our automobile with them."

"He wasn't very keen on the capture, it seems to me," said Jeffrey. "He didn't offer you his own car to go back to Oldborough in, did he? You might have caught him with that. That little tin-pot you rented at the garage couldn't go very fast."

"He probably didn't have any automobile there," said Richards.

"Oh, yes, he had," said Jeffrey. "He certainly had the one he came out from town in last night."

"Probably never thought of it," said Richards.

"By the way," said Jeffrey, "didn't you offer to leave him one or two of your men to guard the place? You couldn't be sure, of course, that the marauder had got away."

"Yes, I did," said Richards, "but he thought it wouldn't be necessary. He said he'd go down and lock the park gates."

"'Lock the park gates,'" said Jeffrey. "I don't like that. That's something I hadn't thought of."

"It's certainly the natural thing to do," said Richards. "Well, he said he and the caretaker would be enough to protect the place and he wouldn't need our help. He said to let him know if we got Barton."

"Did you see the caretaker?" Jeffrey asked.

Richards shook his head. "Come to think of it, I didn't."

"It's queer," said Jeffrey, "that the noise and the confusion and the shooting didn't rouse him, too."

"Oh, I don't know," said Richards; "some people sleep like the dead. But it's queer that Crow didn't arouse him himself."

Just then Kelly called back to us from the wheel. "There's something wrong with the dope," he said. "We're missing fire right along."

Jeffrey was at his side in a minute and began steering the boat out to the left, where the current wasn't so swift.

Kelly came aft and opened up the gasoline-tank, then his face went blank. The tank was almost empty. "I knew we had to fill up again at Oldborough," he said contritely, "but I forgot it."

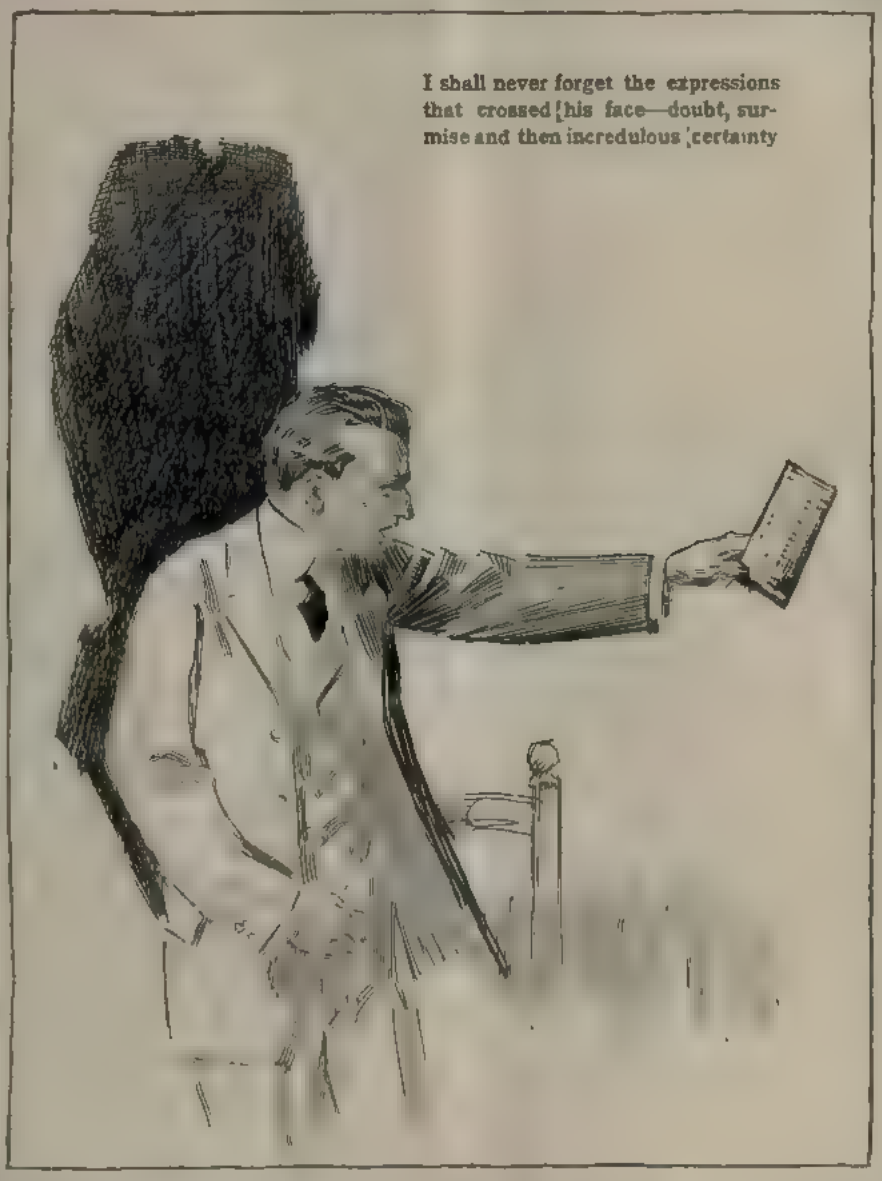
"Can't you possibly nurse her along to the Beech Hill landing?" Jeffrey asked.

Kelly shook his head. "There isn't another half-mile in her," he said.

Jeffrey threw the wheel over a little farther, and we moved still farther out to the left. We were headed straight for the island now.

"Turn around and go back," said Richards. "The current will take us back to Oldborough all right."

"Put Drew and me ashore here on the island first. I've got a revolver,



I shall never forget the expressions that crossed his face—doubt, surmise and then incredulous certainty

but Drew hasn't. Give him yours. Then go back to Oldborough as best you can and fill up with gasoline. When you've got it, come back a-pelting."

Richards hesitated, but Jeffrey was still at the wheel and heading us straight for the marshy bank of the island. "I haven't time to explain," he said. "I can only give you my word that I'm asking you to do what you would do in a minute if you knew the facts. But whether you come back or not, Drew and I get off here."

"All right," said Richards; "I'll come back." And he handed me his revolver.

He had hardly said it, when our boat pushed softly into the mud and stopped. There was still an uninviting-looking stretch of mud and water between us and the hard bank.

"Overboard, Drew," said Jeffrey, and, suiting the action to the word, he vaulted over the side and started wading in the icy water toward shore.

I wasn't but a few seconds behind him, but I heeded Richards' cry and stopped long enough to push the boat out of the mud. Then I splashed ashore after Jeffrey.

Jeffrey set the pace and it needed about all my energy to keep up with him. "If I'm aimed right," he said, as I came along side, "we'll come out just about opposite the boathouse."

"How are we going to get across?" I asked.

"Swim, I suppose," said Jeffrey. "I wish there were a quicker way."

For the present, though, we had to climb. A long irregular hogback divides the island along its major axis—a fact which was probably accountable for its name. We were scrambling up now, clutching at bushes when the treacherous clay underfoot slipped away beneath us. Here and there a half-imbedded rock added to our discomfort.

"We're nearly up," commented Jeffrey presently, "and we may see something from the top. Anyhow, we'll find out if our direction's right."

Suddenly I saw Jeffrey's body grow tense. "Hold your breath a second, Drew," he said. "I want to listen."

For perhaps five seconds neither of us breathed. I was listening, too, with all my ears, but I heard nothing. Presently Jeffrey gave a little nod and we started on again. Not straight down the hill now, but at an angle.

It was easier to keep up with him now. For some reason he wasn't setting quite so fast a pace. Suddenly I stopped dead in my tracks. He looked around at me curiously.

"It's nothing," I whispered. "I'm beginning to see things, that's all. I hate this half light. I thought I saw something moving among the trees."

Jeffrey peered in the direction of my nod. "Perhaps you did," he said. "One of the island's namesakes, perhaps, rooting around for acorns."

"It didn't look like that," I said. "It didn't look like—anything it could be, Jeffrey," I said.

"Come along then," he said.

Neither of us had been paying attention to what was right under our feet, and the result was that we both lost our footing on the slippery declivity of the hill and went down with a rush, trying to keep from falling. But presently I crashed through a dead limb, stumbled over a cobble-stone, and went down in a heap, with Jeffrey, little better off, beside me.

Each of us started to say something at the same instant. But before we could speak there came a sudden sound that frooze us into silence—that arrested us, half on foot and half on the ground, as suddenly as if we had been turned to stone.

What we heard was a terrified wailing cry in a woman's voice. It didn't seem far away—seemed right at hand, in fact. And yet it came from all around—came, if anywhere, from right behind us.

For a while—a space of time that could have been measured in seconds, we stared at each other, each wondering if by any human possibility the other could have heard what he did. Then Jeffrey bent forward a little in the preliminary effort to get to his feet. But instead of rising he reached out suddenly and caught my arm and pointed with it.

There, in the wet clay, right at our feet, was the single print of a woman's shoe. It was pointed toward us.

Jeffrey straightened up and turned around, and I followed him. "Look!" he said.

A big rock was bedded in the hillside we had just come tumbling down. It projected out in a ledge. And underneath it, shrinking back into the dark of the little cave it formed, I saw—

Well, Irene Fournier's face. The face I had seen glowing with color on Jeffrey's canvas—the face I had seen dozens of times in crude newspaper half-tones, as they had photographed her in the morgue—the face of the girl in the ice.

It was as white now as it must have been then, with a kind of dreadful, bluish pallor and the golden hair, as it went back into the shadows, was wildly disheveled *and dripping wet*! But the eyes shone there out of the dark, luminous, like those of a hunted animal. That was the face Barton had seen last night.

I should have fled, as Barton did, if the paralysis of nightmare hadn't held me still. I'd have cried out with the horror of the thing, but my dry throat was numb. For the girl was dead! Dead! And yet we saw her there. It was from those blue lips that that wailing cry had come.

With an effort I got my eyes away from her and looked at Jeffrey. He looked a little limp and he was very pale. But what he said was: "Thank God we're in time. I was afraid we'd be too late."

He hadn't said it to me, but to that dreadful apparition in the cave.

"You're quite safe now," he added, and then he moved gently toward her.

CHAPTER XX

THE WATCHERS AND THE WATCHED

He moved a little nearer still. "You're really quite safe now," he said. "We're friends. Mr. Drew here is a lawyer from New York and I'm Arthur Jeffrey."

Already the terror had begun to go out of her eyes. At his name I thought I saw a little glint of recognition.

"You're Miss Meredith, aren't you?" he asked. "Miss Claire Meredith."

She nodded dumbly.

Jeffrey moved a little nearer. But seeing the way she shuddered he stopped short.

"It isn't fear," she said, forming the words stiffly and with difficulty. "It's cold. I've been in the river."

"In the river," Jeffrey repeated. "You fled into the river to get away from something?"

She nodded and her eyes widened a little.

"We've had a touch of the river ourselves," he said, "and we haven't a boat, but there'll be one presently."

"But why are you here?" she asked. "here on Hog Island of all deserted places in the world, and at this time on a March morning?"

"We were on our way to Beech Hill," said Jeffrey. "We were coming up the river in a motor boat. The gasoline gave out, so we landed on the island and started across on foot. We were planning to—swim the rest of the way."

"You were going to Beech Hill?" she asked, and now alarm lighted up in her eyes again. "Are you friends of Dr. Crow's?" Her voice died on the last words and she uttered them in a whisper.

"No," said Jeffrey soberly, "we were going there to try to save you from him. But I'm afraid we shouldn't have been in time if you hadn't come to meet us."

She shivered again. "No," she said simply, "you wouldn't have been in time. But—but how did you know? How did you know that I was in this country at all, or even alive? And how did you know I had to be saved from him?"

"It will take a long time to answer all those questions," said Jeffrey. "Just now there's something more profitable to do."

She made a move as if to rise, but sank back again with a little twinge of pain. "I'm afraid I can't do much," she said.

Jeffrey went off a few paces and came back dragging the branching end of the limb I had crashed through on my way down hill. He placed it in front of the rock. "I want your overcoat, Drew," he said. And when I gave it to him he threw it over the branch in a way that screened the cave entrance fairly effectively. Then he took off his own coat—a big, fur-lined affair—and handed it to the girl.

"Take off some of your wet things," he said; "the more the better, then put on my overcoat. Drew and I are going to build a fire. The thing to do is to get you warm and comfortable before the cold has time to strike in any further. You will find a flask in one of my pockets," he added, "with a little brandy in it. Most of it has already been drunk by the man you frightened out of his wits in the Beech Hill house to-night."

She made some demur about accepting our overcoats, but Jeffrey's quiet authority didn't allow any real resistance.

"We're only wet part way up," he said, "and we're going to get warm rustling firewood."

"I hope," she said, "you won't have to go very far away to get it."

"We'll stay within call all the time," said Jeffrey.

Presently we heard her call "I'm ready now. Have you found anything at all in this soggy place that will burn?"

Her voice was entirely unlike the dead, colorless monotone she had spoken in before. Her recovery spoke wonders for her spirit and resiliency.

It wasn't until I had finished with the fire that I found leisure to look at her. When I did I could have exclaimed aloud over the difference. The pallor was gone from her cheeks, a faint flush of delicate color was coming into them. And her eyes! It didn't seem possible that those could be the same eyes that had stared at us in terror so short a while ago. As for her hair—her great, wonderful masses of hair—well, it was evident that Jeffrey was looking at that, too.

But Jeffrey, with all his temperament and his intuitions, and the rest of his artistic equipment, has a disconcerting way of being exceedingly practical when you least expect it.

"You ought to take that down," he said, "and give it a chance to dry while we're here in front of the fire

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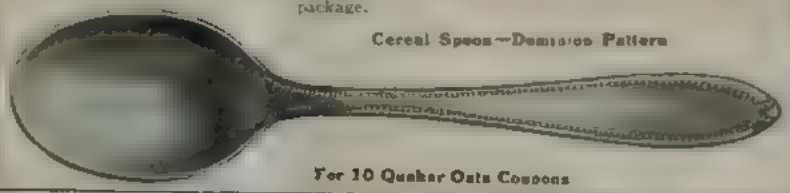

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Don't braid it or anything. Just shake it out loose around your shoulders."

It's dreadfully in the way like that," she said, "when I'm sitting down. There isn't room for it."

And that, when she tried to follow his suggestion, proved true. It reached nearly to her knees when she stood erect

Now,'" she said, when she had spread it out as well as she could—"now may I ask a question again? How did you know that I was at Beech Hill and that I needed saving?"

'Barton saw you there last night. He thought that what he saw was the ghost of a woman we knew to be dead. A woman he thought he had murdered. She looked very like you in some ways, almost miraculously like."

'Was it Irene Fournier?'

"Yes," he said. "Irene Fournier. Do you know who she was? Had you ever seen her?"

I only saw her once," she said, "but I've heard of her. I think,' she added after a little silence—"I think that she was my half-sister."

'Jeffrey's eyes widened at that.

"I don't know very much about it," she said. "My father must have been a painter. Was he?" She turned to Jeffrey. "'Do you know?"

He nodded.

"He fell in love, I think, with a peasant girl down in Normandy."

Jeffrey nodded again.

I don't mean my mother," Claire said with a little hesitation; "I mean her sister. I think he meant to marry her; but he was called away, and when he came back she was dead. So then he married my mother. But I think Irene was his daughter, too. I'm not sure whether he knew about her when he married my mother or not. But I know that afterward he settled some money on her.

'She spoke in a strange, guarded sort of way, almost hostile, the time I talked with her. It was strange to see her. She looked so like me—so almost exactly like me

'But my—guardian took me away presently and asked her to come and see him. I wasn't there then, and she wouldn't tell him anything—anything that we wanted to know—except for a great deal of money. He didn't believe that she was telling the truth, so he wouldn't pay her and she went away."

"Did you tell her who you were?" Jeffrey asked

I didn't know," the girl said quietly "That's what we were trying to find out. We spent years trying."

Suddenly Jeffrey caught his breath and his eyes lighted up. "Was your guardian an English doctor named Williamson?" he asked

And at that she stared at him half frightened. "How did you know?" she whispered. "How did you know that?"

"Two winters ago," said Jeffrey, "I had a studio over in Paris in the same court with Dr. Williamson and his wife and daughter. Some things that happened there, with what you just said, helped me to guess

"I wish you might have helped me to guess then," said the girl. "We were badly in need of help of that sort

"I wish I might. If only I'd had a little more of the courage of my convictions that winter I might have solved some of my own mysteries, and yours, too. But let's go back to the beginning. The story was that you had died of smallpox in Paris. Did you have smallpox, really?"

He might well ask, for her skin had the velvety bloom that rarely lasts after childhood.

"Yes," she answered; "or at least so they told me. But not in Paris. My aunt and I had been spending the winter in one of the small towns of the Midi. There was a frightful epidemic of it there, and about half the town died of it. I got well of smallpox; but when I was ready to leave the hospital and they asked me whom they should notify to come and get me, I couldn't tell them.

"I asked them what my own name was, and they rummaged through a big book and decided my name must be Celeste Biroux. And a terribly tired doctor said I was suffering from aphasia and ought to be looked after."

"But you must have known you weren't a French girl?" I exclaimed.

"It's funny," she said, "but I didn't find that out for a long time. You see, I didn't know the *name* of anything."

"But surely," I cried, "they didn't turn you out on the world like that?"

"There was nothing else they could do. If you could have seen that town! I stayed on for a while and helped nurse the others, partly because I was needed, but partly in the hope that whatever friends I had would come and claim me. But when I made up my mind that my friends, whoever they were, had probably been told that I had died—died and been buried the way they had to bury people during those horrible days. So there was nothing to wait for.

"They gave me a hundred francs and I went away, down to Nice as it happened. That was all I had in the world, except one or two good rings that I happened to be wearing when they took me to the pest-house. Oh, and one or two other trinkets that a doctor happened to remember were mine!"

"One of them," said Jeffrey thought-

fully, "was a jade earring—an odd jade earring."

Once more she paled a little. The look in her face was almost one of fear. "How can you know that," she asked "unless you know a great deal more?"

"I saw you once with it on," he said, "about this time of day and year, on the Pont Royale in Paris. You came and stood beside me. And then two *gendarmes* came, and you went away. Do you remember?"

"No," she said. "It wouldn't have been—me, if I was there alone at that hour. It would have been—the other"

"Not Irene?" I asked, puzzled

"No. Not Irene." She turned to Jeffrey. "You could see the earring But how could you know that I had only one?"

It was to me that Jeffrey made his answer. "Don't you see, Drew, what it was that put us off the track? It never occurred to either of us that a pair of earrings could be split. We knew that Crow had one. We assumed that he had the pair. Just as I assumed that the girl I had seen on the bridge had been wearing a pair, because I saw she was wearing one"

He turned to Claire. "I knew that, unless it was a ghost-girl I saw, the report of your death was wrong. I thought from Crow's having the earring that you had come to America, and that he was in communication with you. And when they told me that a portrait I had painted of you from a photograph was a picture of the girl who had been found in the ice I believed that you had been murdered, and that Dr. Crow was the murderer.

"I believed absolutely that you and Irene Fournier were the same person I didn't discover my mistake until this morning"

"Now," said I, "perhaps you'll tell me how you discovered that from looking at the negative that Barton brought from Beech Hill in his pocket"

"Why," said Jeffrey, "you must remember that I had never seen Irene Fournier nor a picture of her. The photograph I painted the portrait from was, of course, genuine. Crow got it from Paris, just as he said. But the portrait emphasized the real difference there was between the two faces

"To counteract the effect of it, Crow posed Irene in the dress and photographed her, and pretended to Miss Meredith that it was the photograph I had returned. She thanked me for sending it to her the morning I talked with her. I thought then that it simply meant that Crow had a duplicate that he had given her to keep her from worrying

"The minute I saw that plate I knew it was a picture of a different

Continued on page 201

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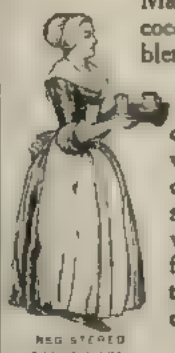

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Dr. Vogt

Continued from page 279.

particularly along two lines: interpretation of Mendelssohn and unaccompanied singing. At this time there was a choral society in the city which had shown signs of dying from lack of nourishment. With its members and most of the Jarvis Street choir people, Doctor Vogt, remembering exotic and delirious hours on the Continent, started his Mendelssohn Choir, aiming to do just the same sort of thing in Canada as had been done in different parts of England and Germany. This was in 1894. There were then less than one hundred members. Now there are two hundred and thirty, regularly. The only specific aim of the Mendelssohn Choir, at its inception, or, rather, the only end which was announced, was the production of one work of Mendelssohn each year.

The choir proceeded to give one or two concerts each year till 1900. From the first it had been self-supporting, and a shining example of altruism. Every member paid his own expenses, and reported for bi-weekly rehearsals. In 1900, the ambitious head of the choir decided to branch out. Victor Herbert's orchestra was engaged. This was the most pretentious undertaking yet. The price of seats at the always well attended concerts jumped from twenty-five and fifty cents to a dollar, dollar-fifty, and two dollars. The innovation was a great success. The choir began a tour of the United States, Chicago, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland—all these and other American cities saw, heard and grew enthusiastic. Big crowds flocked to hear the choir wherever it went. The musical critics of America hailed it as the greatest of choral undertakings, particularly when it was known that the choir went on year after year, showing a surplus and never a deficit; each member putting in two and three rehearsals a week for five months out of the twelve; and each member paying his traveling and other expenses, wherever the choir went. So it has gone on. In 1914 Doctor Vogt spent many months in England and on the continent, and everywhere was pressed to bring his famous choir to give concerts. It was scheduled to sing in England in 1915. The war, of course, prevented it. But it stayed in Canada and gave the greatest performances in its history up to that time, which have only been exceeded by those of this year.

So much for the creation. Now for the hand that fashioned it. Augustus Stephen Vogt is an interesting personality. His chief characteristic, versatility. "If Vogt had turned his attention to it," said a millionaire to me one day, "he might have headed various financial enterprises. He has the keen and shrewd business sense which proclaims the successful business man coupled with a perfect passion for hard work." It is true. Vogt might indeed have been one of our great magnates in which case, instead of writing "Doctor of Music" after his name he might have been Sir Augustus. He is an economist of parts: indeed, to keep the choir, through all these years, in perpetual state of solvency, is an accomplishment. It had a rough row to hoe. There was one serious slump which meant that the Mendelssohn Choir dissolved for a time, and the circumstances which led up to the quarrel might easily have injured the choir's financial prospects.

More probable still, he might have been a military man of superlative achievement and high eminence. I say by the bye, prompts my memory that Vogt is a keen student of military matters. He has saturated his mentality in histories and treatises as to warfare. His big hobby—besides travel—has been a perpetual study of military discipline. It is just as well. If ever a man needs something of the qualities of an organizer and a leader it is he who has to reckon with the various temperaments of a group of musical people. Yet the Mendelssohn Choir is an efficient organization. Does a member miss a rehearsal? He receives a post card. If he misses a second, another post card follows. A third offence means dismissal from the choir, unless illness has prevented attendance. The quality of leadership is apparent in view of the Doctor managing a rehearsal. There is nothing of the ranting, raving vituperation which constitutes the method of some conductors when the choir is, perhaps, a trifle slow to grasp the meaning of a director. In a manner somewhat cold and unemotional, Vogt gives his command. To him, the choir is a squad of soldiers. He blends the role of the officer commanding with a persuasive kindliness. He gets the result he wants. As Augustus Bridle whose musical criticism is a thing Canadian journalism may be proud of "he gets *pianissimos* like oiled silk and *fortissimos* like the thunders of Jove."

For Vogt knows human nature. He knows there is *forte* as well as piano, a predilection towards *rallantando* as well as towards *allegretto*. He does not make the mistake of assuming that all of the members of his choir are of his own temperament. It takes all kinds of people to make a choir, and being wise, he takes that as a fundamental starting-point.

Vogt never shows nervousness. He is a nervous man, but you would never think it to see him. A big man physically

ally, there is something about him that expresses reliance. He is the sort of man you would instinctively "like," because you would feel that he is dependable. In spite of his calm exterior, however, he has fine sensibilities. I have watched him closely on a big night. Outwardly confident, he is smothering and stilling the cries and tiny fears within him. It is only at the end of the evening that he is off his guard for a moment and says, confidentially, "Whew, that was an ordeal, but we pulled through."

His is indeed a magnetic personality. A loyal friend, a patriot whose patriotism embraces not only Canada but the Empire as well, a born leader of men, an organizer as well as a dreamer, a composer of brilliance—he attracts the love of many and the respect of all. He has done much. He has made a choir and developed it till the people of Toronto willingly shell out thirty thousand dollars for three nights of it. Better still, he has made a national asset of his choir, an institution of which Canada may be proud, a tradition which has become alike a pace-setter and a record in the history of choral music. His name therefore should contain another component part. It should read, "Augustus Stephen-Napoleon-Vogt."

Harry Britton, A.R.C.A.

The Millet of the peasants of old Canada

By Irene Wrenshall Hare

"WHAT sort of a man do you think it would be who would paint like that," asked a prominent art critic of a fellow picture lover,—also a critic, at one of the most important of the spring exhibitions in Toronto a year ago. There was a moment's silence as the second critic gazed upon a scene of rugged beauty, great rocks ablaze with the dazzling colors from a glorious sunset out beyond the tumbling ocean in the middle distance of the picture, a big canvas, broadly handled, yet with not a detail lacking.

"A man of pretty stern stuff, I should say," replied the other. "Of Viking blood to judge from the way in which he had handled those waves. He must sniff the spray, as a war-horse lifts his head at the sound of a trumpet, and his bodily vigor must be as intense as his mental vigor, for it seems to be generally true that the men who paint things like that, broad and sketchy and impressionistic are in body and mind very much the counterparts of their work," were the last words, given more as an argument than a dogma.

Harry Britton

"Then look over by the opposite side of the room and see the tall man who is studying with such interest and admiration ——'s latest picture. Tell me if you think you are right." The critic looked and marvelled. The tall slight scholarly looking man in his early thirties, pale and thin almost to delicacy did not look the type which would seek to portray, with palette and brush, all the stern vigorous moods of the sea, avoiding in almost every instance any of her more placid phases. Yet, the critic mentally argued, there must be some sympathy between the painter and his favorite subject, or he could not become so splendid a medium for introducing the ever restless sea to those who love the real in art

"If you have made up your mind as to the artist, then look at this big picture of his," came the first speaker's voice again as he drew the attention to another large canvas,—portraying an old woman,—a peasant, sitting mending nets by the window of her tiny home. There was a large group in front of the picture,—in fact it seemed to command the attention of all. It was interesting to hear the comments

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among the onlookers who had with few exceptions visited the galleries abroad

To the minds of most of them had come back visions of Millet's famous "Angelus," while to others the picture was more reminiscent of peasant life in Cornwall, and they were right. No French peasant was this, but a woman of Cornish blood of that patient Spartan type, which has made the sailors who shipped from those southern ports famous for their endurance and bravery, and, in her homely faith and brave resignation she was a fitting example of the old lines "For men must work and women must weep, Though storms be sudden and waters deep." Small wonder was it that this picture attracted more attention perhaps than any other in any exhibition for the past two or three years, and why the artist is spoken of as a coming light, who will some day take his place among names like Millet and Haas and Waris for his faithfulness to truth and his knowledge of human nature as well as his wonderful aptitude for color.

And what of the artist himself, Harry Britton, as he is known among intimates and associates alike? He is spoken of by those who know as one of the coming big men. To the eyes of Canadian Art lovers he has already come," but to those of prophetic gaze who have watched his career in the dozen years or so that he has been at work there are greater things in store for him. They dwell particularly on his truthfulness, his absolute sincerity towards nature, and human nature Some of them say he will be one of Canada's greatest figure painters, the Millet of the Canadian peasants of old Canada, in the Maritime Provinces and in the Eastern townships, while others contend that his marines, so wonderfully colorful and so broad and masterful in handling will always be his best work—but the concensus of opinion is that a sincere combination of the peasant and the environment,—particularly of the fisher folk,—will be his vehicle to a great name.

Mr. Britton has not stepped aside from his unvarying upward course to contest in competition. He is a welcome exhibitor at the O. S. A., and has already been given the power to add A. R. C. A., after his name, with the membership of the Academy to follow, doubtless very shortly.

But he has not gone out of his way for aggrandisement. Like the masters of art in the past, he has studied unremittingly, is ever eager to be a student of nature, and puts truth always foremost. Born in Cambridge, England, which perhaps accounts for the scholarly air of which the critic made note, he came to Canada when a mere child of nine, combining therefore in his personality the trained taste of

generations of artistic forbears of the old land, and the energy and determination of the new. For energetic he is and strong in his mental vision, despite that quietness and apparent lack of strength with which those who meet or see him for the first time are impressed. As many another gifted artist, he tried in vain for about twenty five years of his life to put the "square peg into the round hole," and became a business man, but it was of no use, and he finally gave up trying and entered the studio of a Toronto artist, and teacher where he remained for a couple of years, going abroad in 1908, where he studied for six years in Italy, Paris, Holland and England, ending with a year of sketching and teaching around the coast of Cornwall, and in London, England, in 1914. How wrapped up he is in that art of his, and how oblivious he can be to temporal conditions may be judged by the story told by one of his pupils who while studying abroad went to London to take lessons from the painter. "It was late November, and very raw cold weather she said, "And when I arrived at the studio where the artist was very busy working at a large canvas, I was almost frozen. But not a particle of heat was there in that studio, and I became colder and colder, I didn't know what to do. I had heard so much of this Harry Britton and his work, and I did want to take lessons from him, but I couldn't freeze to death

"Finally I plucked up courage to tell him how cold it was in his studio. He was so worried over the fact he had never realized it himself, as he had been so absorbed in his own painting he had never felt anything."

Mr. Britton is keenly unselfish about his own work, An outstanding feature of his character is his absolute lack of jealousy—that green-eyed monster which makes so many an otherwise good artist insufferable to all. He can, and does, go to an exhibition—not to see his own work but warmly to praise the good works of others, and his pupils tell the same of him as a teacher. His ability to see good in others is colossal, to see evil is diminutive

Even at the risk of being personal it is impossible to forget the delightful home atmosphere with which the artist is surrounded.

His wife, formerly a Miss Hancock, is also an artist, and there is a harmony of thought and aim which gives a very delightful atmosphere to the newly set up studio on Wellesley Street, where the artist and his wife are living. Pupils are numerous—but, the critics hope, not so numerous that the coming exhibitions will be deprived of his work, for they look to him to immortal-

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ize the peasant life of the older Canada and to bring the lovely coast-lines of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick within the vision of the inland Ontario dweller, or the far Westerner.

And their hopes are quite likely to be realized, for the artist plans this coming summer, to take a large class there down by the sea, remaining on after the class has disbanded, to do more personal work. Although he has only returned home to Canada so shortly, already his work has found its way into most of the most important collections in Canada

Mrs. G. R. Baker

Continued from page 277

staff, at Mrs. Baker's request, arranged the whole of the evening procession of decorated cars following Queen Mary White Rose Day.

To find Mrs. Baker in her most homelike atmosphere we must, I believe, go to Muskoka, where, for fifteen years past, Florence Island on Lake Rosseau, originally owned by the famous actor of that name, has been the scene of her summer recreation This recreation to be sure, includes the raising of funds for the little church in the vicinity, where there is always a parsonage to be bricked, a stable to be built or a well dug—and of course Mrs. Baker is the person to brick it, to build it or to dig it. But it is probably as near to rest as Mrs. Baker ever gets. She fills her house with visitors; with the older ones she reads and chats and with the youngsters laughs and plays; she sails her own boat, paddles her own canoe, and, proudest accomplishment of all, she can swim and dive with the youngest of the young ones. And these make up her life, the doing of good works its daily business, the sharing of pleasure its recreation and the sunshine of laughter and good-will spreading a blessing over all of it

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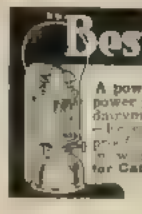

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A Chef Incarnate

Continued from page 275.

you have made it ashes. For ten years I have served here the best of our people. In a second! Gone! *Sangbleu!*"

He fell to a stool and covered his face with his hands. Vainly he sought to shut out that horrible picture of the end of his glory. He knew now that his final week of success had been given him only in mockery. In the doorway stood Madame. Casserole, tears streaming down the fat cheeks the smile had been wont to adorn.

"Ruined us!" sobbed Monsieur. "For ten years the Café Côte d'Or——"

He paused, for he had seen the

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terrible look on the face of Adolphe.

"Eggs!" screamed the once mighty chef

An assistant brought them.

"The skillet!"

It also was forthcoming.

"Butter!"

Monsieur Casserole himself tremblingly put it in Adolphe's hands

Then they stood back, scarcely daring to breathe, waiting with open mouths and swiftly beating hearts the making of that omelet. Never before was an omelet prepared by a sterner chef, or for a greater stake.

And now it lay, steaming, on a plate Foamy and soft it looked—but, ah, could it be so, with the apron of the great Bertrand——

"Taste!" roared Adolphe, in an awful voice, pointing his monster fork at little Mrs. Dupree.

They pushed her forward. She had been the one selected for the ordeal—why, no one could say, but it was for her to carry it through.

Tremblingly she inserted a fork into the hot mass. Tremblingly she raised a morsel to her lips. It disappeared Monsieur Casserole grasped the edge of the table till his hands went white. Madame leaned forward fatly, in imminent danger of tipping.

"The taste?" Adolphe's voice was still terrible to hear.

The little bride closed her eyes

"Of heaven," she whispered.

"God be praised!" cried Monsieur Casserole.

"De Bouillon! Bah!" blasphemed Adolphe.

"*Le diable*!" muttered Lefourbe.

And madame Casserole was smiling through her tears.

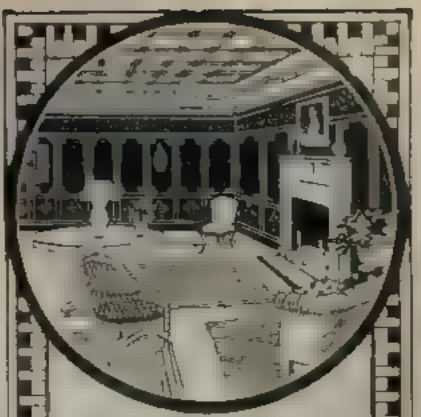
Thus was the bugbear of the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon forever banished from the Café Côte d'Or

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 285.

person from the one I'd painted. And I saw, too, that the thing had been retouched to make it look more like the authentic photograph. And then I knew that the ghost Barton had seen in the Beech Hill house that night was no more a ghost than the one I had seen on the bridge in Paris. And I knew that if Miss Claire Meredith were alone at that house with Crow she was in mortal danger. That's a long explanation, Miss Meredith; but it's the reason why we came in such a hurry, and why we were so nearly too late

I turned to Miss Meredith, too. "It wasn't very polite of me to insist on having my curiosity satisfied right in



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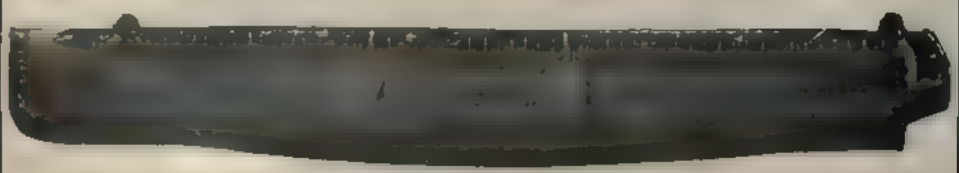

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the middle of your story. But I'd seen Jeffrey turn away after one look at that plate and say that some one at Beech Hill was in danger, and that there was life or death in our getting there quickly, and I've been puzzling over it ever since. I wish, though, if you aren't too tired, that you'd go on and tell us the rest."

But the way she was looking at Jeffrey was an indication that I might have spared my apology. Lips a little parted, eyes that were starry in their deep brightness. Well, what girl wouldn't look like that at a man who was telling such a story? It wasn't until I asked her to go on with her own that she looked away.

"It's nothing very exciting," she began. "I don't believe I ever had any real adventures until last night. I went to Nice, as I said, and pawned my rings, and then I sat down on the Promenade and began to think what I should do. A nice-looking woman was sitting at the other end of my bench, and I spoke to her—in French, of course.

"She said in English that she didn't understand, and I began quite naturally talking to her in English. I told her I wanted to get a position as companion or governess or something, but that I hadn't any references. That got me started telling her the whole story.

"It frightened her a little at first. It was so incredible that it seemed as if I must be trying to impose on her. But luckily her husband was a doctor, and he came along just then and questioned me, and they finally decided that I would do as a companion for their daughter.

"Of course, none of us knew then that there was anything queer about me, except the fact that I couldn't remember names. And by the time we did discover it—well, they had grown fond of me and sorry for me and wouldn't hear of my living anywhere except with them."

"Can you tell us what it was that was 'queer' about you?" Jeffrey asked.

"Why, I used to have lapses of consciousness and wander off and do Heaven knows what outlandish things. Dr. Williamson concluded that it was my former self that was doing them, the girl—before the smallpox, you know. But as I couldn't remember any of the things she had done when I came to it didn't help much toward finding out who she was. The only thing to do was to follow me and see what I did, and take care that I didn't get into any trouble. They did that, those people, with a devotion."

Her voice choked up a little at that. "Oh, I can't talk about it!" she said, and then went on. "My lapses kept getting worse and longer, and all of

us got very much discouraged, except the doctor himself. He insisted that the worse they got the nearer I was to being a normal person again. He said the longer and the stronger they were the more likely it was that the memory would begin coming through. And by and by that really began to happen.

"There was a lot of argument in the family as to whether I was English or American. Mrs. Williamson and Evelyn insisted I was English, but the doctor thought I was American. I was perfectly sure that some of the places I began remembering intimately couldn't be anywhere but in America."

"Why did you live in that particular part of Paris?" Jeffrey asked.

"It was just a part of their kindness to me. I wanted to, and they noticed that when I wandered off—in my old self, you know—I always went there, so they took an apartment in that 'court."

"As a matter of fact," Jeffrey asked, "didn't you and your aunt live there before you had the smallpox?"

The girl looked at him in simple astonishment. "Why, of course! Rue Boissonade," and she gave the number. "I never put those two facts together until this instant, though I knew them both independently for quite a while. But—the Williamsons didn't have the same apartment that my aunt and I had lived in."

Jeffrey laughed. "No," he said. "I had that one."

She colored vividly. "Did I—haunt you?" she asked.

"That's exactly what you did," said Jeffrey. "I never saw you there, but you left some pretty puzzling traces. Drew can tell you that story sometime. He's a great yarn-spinner, But please go on. Tell us the rest."

"There isn't much more to tell," she said, "about what happened over there. My memory kept coming back, stronger and stronger all the time, until at last I told them—the Williamsons, I mean—that I was perfectly competent to look after myself, now, and that I meant to go to America and find out who I was. One of my discoveries about myself had been that I could paint a little, and I sold everything I painted at pretty good prices. So I wasn't financially dependent on the Williamsons, although, of course, I owed them a debt that money couldn't repay at all.

"They hated to have me go, especially Mrs. Williamson and Evelyn, and begged me to let the Meredith girl lie quiet in her grave down in the south of France. But I couldn't. Fond as I am of them, there was a—well, a call of the blood, it seemed, that drew me."

"You'd remembered your name by that time?" Jeffrey asked. "But that wasn't the name you went by?"

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A man was broken in health. His business was gone—his personal, social and home interests destroyed. For two years he took no interest in life "so little interest", to quote his own words, "that I welcomed the idea of death." Then a thing of such extraordinary character happened to him as to border on the miraculous. He was practically cured in a single night. It was not religion, it was not faith, it was not medicine that cured him. What it was is thoroughly explained in a series of pulsating, human interest stories entitled "Men Who Came Back" the first of which appears in ILLUSTRATED WORLD for March.

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"No," she said. "I stuck to the hospital name for a while—Celeste Biroux—until that got to seeming ridiculous. And then, as the Williamsons wanted me to, I took their last name. They called me a cousin or something. And for my first name I had my own Claire. It was engraved on the inside of one of my rings."

"Then," pursued Jeffrey, "it was as Miss Claire Williamson that you came to this country?"

She nodded.

"You came alone?" he asked.

"Of course. There wasn't any earthy reason why I shouldn't—or, at least, there didn't seem to be. I landed in New York yesterday. Yesterday! It seems years since then."

"What did you do with your luggage?" Jeffrey asked rather suddenly.

She looked at him in frank amusement. "You ask the oddest questions," she said, "but I did do something odd with it. I didn't bring it through the customs. You see, we landed just at five o'clock. I hadn't sent any word to my aunt that I was coming.

"I couldn't be sure that my handwriting would be the same, or that she would remember it, and I felt that her first thought on getting a letter from me would be that I was an impostor. I thought that if I could just walk in and speak to her that that would be much simpler. I had set my heart, somehow, on doing it that night."

"You hadn't any enmity against her then?" said Jeffrey.

"No," she said in frank surprise. "Why should I have? I am perfectly sure the hospital authorities told her I was dead. For anything I know, she may have had the disease herself."

In Jeffrey's mind, I am sure, as well as in mine, was the thought of that pin-picked photograph and a momentary speculation as to what would have happened if the girl had carried out her plan and walked in upon her aunt as she had intended.

"So, as soon as we got ashore," she went on, "I walked straight through the customs' barrier with nothing but my purse, jumped into a taxi and went straight to my aunt's town house."

"How could you be sure of finding her there?" Jeffrey asked.

"I knew she was still alive. I'd seen occasional references to her in the Paris *Herald*, and I knew she'd never move or do anything like that. So I went straight to the old address that I remembered. Of course I knew that there was a possibility that she'd be at Beech Hill.

"When the taxi drove up to the house there was another car standing there—a big, six cylinder runabout; and while I was paying my driver, Dr. Crow

McGregor of Ford

RECENTLY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS FROM ACROSS the line was standing on the sidewalk in one of our larger Canadian cities viewing a march past of some of our soldier boys. The Kilties were going by.

"How typically Canadian are the kilties," he remarked. "We, on our side of the big pond associate the Highland uniform as much with Canada as with Scotland. Why is it?"

The reply was to the effect that it was because the Scotch had contributed so largely to the settlement and upbuilding of the Dominion and so many Canadians of Scottish ancestry had made themselves worthy of high ranks in the history of Canada

Among these Canadians of Scotch parentage who have won a place among Canada's great builders of industry we must reckon Gordon M McGregor, of Ford, Ont

About the year 1850 Mr. McGregor's grandparents set out from Glasgow, Scotland, to settle in what was then a new and far away country—Canada.

A few years later we find them located at Sarnia, Ontario, where a son, William, was born.

When still a young man William McGregor took a very active interest in the business and political life of the country and was elected a member of the Dominion Parliament, serving his country and his district well and faithfully for twenty years.

Gordon McGregor about whom this is written was the son of William McGregor and was born at Windsor, Ont. As Gordon McGregor grew to manhood he capably assumed much of the business cares of his father

William McGregor eventually became interested in the Walkerville Wagon Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, and, shortly after, his son Gordon McGregor, was made manager of the firm. Here the son began to show that business foresight that has made him one of the prominent figures in the business world of Canada

[illegible] took place in the carriage and wagon industry that caused the greatest concern. This was the advent and the establishment of the automobile as a practical vehicle

Some dealers and builders were so alarmed that they thought their business would go to immediate rack and ruin and that the auto would supersede horse-drawn vehicles entirely. Others were cool-headed enough to see the advantages that this new industry afforded and governed themselves accordingly.

Among the latter was Gordon McGregor, who believed that he could successfully enter upon the business of manufacturing automobiles and looked about him for wise methods of doing this

He got in touch with many manufacturers and looked over many makes of cars. Finally he decided on one make and effected arrangements for its production in this country. The car he chose was the Ford

He then tried to induce some of his friends up Canada to invest in the project and encountered all the usual cold, disheartening difficulties attendant upon the organization of a new and untried proposition. If they could have but looked ten or eleven years ahead he would have had no worries over the organization of a company even double or quadruple the size.

No stock was offered for sale outside of the Dominion until all Canadians had been given an opportunity to subscribe.

Finally, in August 1904, they organized the company with a capital of $125,000.

Then came the difficulties of manufacture and for three years it was a constant struggle to win success.

But success came and a greater success than the founders ever dreamed of—a success abounding in truly marvelous facts and figures.

And this is the story of Gordon McGregor, of Ford, Ontario, and of the establishment of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

To-day, half the population of four towns depends upon the Ford Company of Canada for their earnings. These are Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich.

The last census states that the average family consists of five persons. As there are over 3,000 employees in the towns mentioned above whose work is devoted to the manufacture of Ford cars, this official census figure shows that there are over 15,000 people that look to the Ford Company for their support. This does not include the nine cities in Canada in which Ford branches are established, which would add over 3,600 more.

And Ford employes are paid three times as well as the average as shown by government wage reports.

In April, 1915, a time when most Canadian manufacturers were following a policy of retrenchment, the present Ford schedule of wages was adopted by which the company virtually handed to its employees, $50,000 a month increased wages and reduced the working hours from nine to eight per day.

Surely, this is a great boon to Canadian workmen and their families. It is a boon to Canadian merchants who benefit by the increased purchasing power of all these families. It is a boon to the entire country in time of war when living expenses are higher than ever before.

And these employees have responded in like measure to the Empire's need for her people's support, Ford City alone having made what is probably a record contribution to the Patriotic Fund of $31 per capita

More than 400 Ford employees have enlisted for overseas service and the Company is spending thousands of dollars in moving pictures which are offered free to assist in recruiting work all over the Dominion.

What an immense expression of confidence in the ultimate and unquestionable success of British Arms and the allied cause was this great wage increase!

But it was not the only evidence of the Ford Company's faith in the Empire

Before the outbreak of hostilities the company decided to reduce the price of the car by $60. When the war came upon us the company might well have been pardoned for withholding this reduction for a time. But they never even considered it. The reduction was made the same day war was declared

And you can realize how real this confidence in the victorious prosperity of Canada was when you consider that the prices of Ford cars are set in accordance with the estimated production for the coming fiscal year and not by any means are they based on the profits of the preceding year.

$662,000 has been spent on new buildings in Ford City since the war began

Over $1,000,000 has been spent on new buildings in four Canadian cities since war began, making a total expenditure for new buildings of approximately a million and three quarters

$1,000,000 has been spent in new equipment since war began.

000 men have been added to the pay roll since war began.

And if there is needed further proof of this company's absolute confidence in the progress and prosperity of the Dominion it is found in the fact that another $60 reduction in the price of the car was made [illegible]—making a total reduction of $120 00 since war began.

The new price requires an output of 40,000 cars this year

Then, too, the price of Ford parts has been reduced by $147 per car—a reduction that means a big increased economy to Ford owners.

Such immense expenditures and price reductions as these are of the [illegible] conditions. They form one of the greatest possible influences towards boosting the prosperity of Canada

Remember that all but $16.88 worth of the material that goes into the construction of a Ford car is bought here in Canada—and it would all be bought here if it were possible to get it.

Truly, the Ford is, after all, a Canadian Car, built by Canadians Very few Canadian manufacturers are able to show such a support to Canadian industry as this.

The Canadian Ford Company is basing this year's factory production plans on just double the business done last year

They stake everything on the conviction that Canada is *bound* to prosper. They place all on the belief that Britain and her allies are *bound* to win

McGregor of Ford and his Canadian associates may be pardoned for feeling proud of this record.

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T. 117

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opened the door and came out I knew him at once, though I hadn't seen him since I was ten or twelve years old, and I might not have known him if I had seen him anywhere else. But I called him by name without any hesitation. He knew me too.'

'Yes,' said Jeffrey, "I should think he would.'

'I see,' she said thoughtfully. "Because of Irene, you mean.'

We both nodded.

"He told me that my aunt was at Beech Hill, and he was just starting for there himself. He wanted me to go straight up there with him. He said it wouldn't take so very long in that high-powered car of his, and he could give me a fine spin. It didn't seem such a wild thing to do, as he suggested it. Remember, he's my cousin. We had known each other as children—or when I was a child at least—so I said I'd go.'

'He asked you, didn't he," Jeffrey interrupted, "when you'd landed and what you'd done since?"

She nodded. "Naturally."

"And what you'd done with your luggage?"

"He asked that, too," she said.

"You didn't stop for any dinner," said Jeffrey. "You got out of town as fast as you could. But about nine o'clock you stopped at a little village and left the car and went to a lunch-wagon and got something to eat."

"You couldn't have deduced that from anything," said the girl after a long look into his face. "You must have seen that."

"Exactly," he said. "Do you remember another car that was pulled up on the same cross street? We were in it. I caught just a glimpse of your face, and of Crow's, as you turned the corner. But—well, I'd have staked my word then that you were dead. I thought the resemblance I saw of that girl's face to Claire Meredith's, and of the man's to Crow's, was just a trick of fancy.

If Crow had been alone I should have recognized him. You see," he concluded soberly, "my vanity of opinion might have cost you your life. I can't see yet why it didn't. Miss Meredith wasn't at Beech Hill, was she? Crow had you all to himself there? He'd even got the caretaker out of the way. Why did he delay? Why didn't he act quicker?"

"What was the man's name who broke in?" she asked.

"Barton? He's one of the men who broke in," said Jeffrey.

"I think that's what saved my life—one of the things."

To be continued.

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One Patriot

Continued from page 268.

Sniper and private brought their rifles to their shoulders at practically the same instant and the flashes of their pieces blended in one detonation.

When Patriot awoke it was to find himself tucked cozily in a cot with real walls about him and a real ceiling overhead. Through a window screened with the daintiest of draperies the sunlight filtered on to the immaculate counterpane and shed a soft glow over the neatly furnished room. He looked about for the accustomed camp surroundings and vaguely wondered by what magic he had been transferred to this fairyland of comfort and ease.

His first impression was that he was an intruder. Then a dull throbbing of his head led to the discovery that he was bandaged. Tightly over his forehead the wrappings were tied and the placing of his hands upon them brought a twinge of excruciating pain.

"Patriot, old boy, you sure were knocked cold by that one," he mused. "Where was I? Not fighting in Minneapolis. Must have been Canada. Ah yes. The army. They were at war. But the room? He seemed to have seen it before.

"Hands off the bandages. And the doctor says you are to lie quiet and not talk."

Antoinette stood before him, rosy cheeked, smiling and radiant as ever. The puzzled frown disappeared and a dozen questions were on his lips.

"Not now," she warned him. "Just lie quiet and after awhile you may speak as much as you please."

"But just tell me this. How now I remember. The sniper, did I get him?"

"Yes, you got him and they are going to decorate you or something. But the doctor says I must not talk to you and besides the sergeant has come to see you again."

Patriot stretched forth a pleading hand, but Antoinette had slipped out of the room, holding the door ajar for a khaki clad figure who burst into the sanctuary with a trench greeting that brought the invalid back to his military surroundings.

"So you woke up at last, did you old chap? Thought when we found you here that you were done for."

"How did I get here and what happened?" pleaded Patriot.

"Ask Antoinette. First thing we knew she came running into headquarters and said you were dying. Surgeon came over and patched you up and told the poor girl you would get well. Then we went to the grove and found the sniper you brought down. His bullet nicked your skull and to tell the truth you were pretty close to the

other shore. Lieutenant is tickled to death for he was afraid he would be censured for letting you go off on that trip by yourself."

"But this room? And Antoinette here"

"Oh, that. Well, you see, you were a lot luckier than you deserved Antoinette passes that grove on her way to headquarters to make her sales. She heard the crack of your rifle and when no sound succeeded it, she investigated and found you stretched out as limp as a rag. Then she dragged you to her home. This is her father's house. We were going to take you to the field hospital, but she begged to let you stay here. That was yesterday and here you are, but you will be getting back into the trenches in a day or two. It strikes me you've got a pretty good nurse."

Patriot agreed with more ardor than it is customary for soldiers to display about nurses.

"Pal of mine," he said.

"Thought so," replied the sergeant. "They are talking about mentioning you in the dispatches but I believe she deserves more honor than you do. The poor kid was about dead when she got you here. Well, buck up and keep quiet until the surgeon says you can return to duty."

The sergeant strode out of the room with a cheerful good-by and Patriot was left alone to ponder his strange fortune. In the distance he could hear the roar of the heavy guns and he wondered if there was a charge. Occasionally a shell exploded near enough to the cottage to rattle the windows and bring him to a realization that a war was going on. He wondered if it would ever be over and whether he ever could exchange the floor of a trench for the floor of a ring. And after the war what? If he were not a good British patriot he might stay in this country, but they would give him fights in western Canada and he would become a champion. And Antoinette—she had dragged him a mile and probably saved his life

The evening shadows were gathering and the roar of the guns was dying down when the girl entered with his supper.

"Antoinette," he said, "I had a belt I wore when I was an American patriot. It's somewhere in my clothes."

"Yes, here it is," she replied penitently, "but I had to spoil it to bind your head while I brought you here

The emblem of ring vanity was covered with blood and so sadly torn that it had lost every semblance of ornamental value.

"I have made you another," she continued and placed before him a wider belt than the soiled one, but it was bright with the tricolor of France

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"It's fine, but you see I am a British patriot," he protested.

"Why, we have patriots in France and it will be ever so nice to be a French champion like Georges Carpentier."

"That's so," he agreed.

"And—and you had better speak to papa."

"You tell him. I can't talk much French yet," Patriot responded.

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 262

westward, reaching the islands. There he hid himself, pulling the canoe ashore among the bushes. But at nightfall he started again, going south once more. His thorough knowledge of the vast lake permitted him to avoid the main line of travel, and in a few days he was lost in a network of small streams and lakes, until he felt absolutely safe from pursuit. It was not that he was afraid but the animal instinct was strong within him, of self-preservation and of turning against any that might have sought to do him harm. His life was his own for the time being, even though a bitter thing to face, and as long as his strength remained in him he would fight for it and be dangerous.

But never, during the long journey, did he discover any sign that the Nascaupees were seeking him. The chances, he carefully calculated, were that they would never follow him long. They had large, heavy canoes, and came from far away, knowing nothing about the great country to the south. A strong man, with a small and swift canoe lightly laden, journeying through a familiar wilderness, was utterly beyond their power to overtake. Moreover none of the others had seen the quarrel, and it was likely that they knew not who had struck the blow. He also felt quite safe in regard to the dear people left at the Post. So many friendly Montagnais were camped there that the Nascaupees would never dare to work any injury to them. The precautions he had taken, he realized, were scarcely needed, but he had no intention of running stupidly into danger.

The tall Nascaupee, he felt sure, had been killed, and therefore Uapukun would never be troubled by him again. *He was not running away from men so much as fleeing from the vengeance of the skies.* When the evil spirits finally had their will of him they would find him alone, with no loved ones about him to wreak further harm upon.

For a time he was practically lost in the wilderness of the height of land, merely because he had reached a country unknown to him except by vague hearsay. But his sense of direction never left him, and his unerring instinct as to water-ways made him perfectly confident. Over the great barren lonesome stretches of the higher land he kept on going, his Indian stolidity preventing his being dismayed in the awful solitude. The lad's soul was harrowed indeed, but this happened in the fairer stretches of marsh or forest, during sunlit days, just as strongly as when he toiled under downpours in the wastes that seemed to have no ending.

Finally, one day, when the world had begun to look like a place where it was unbelievable that the foot of man had ever trodden, at a turn of the current, suddenly found himself in an inlet leading to a great lake.

The wind was blowing briskly here and he had to keep his canoe very near the shore. Later in the day he reached a wide point jutting out upon the lake upon which he saw many of the square Montagnais' tents and a number of small houses. A church with a steeple stood upon the hillside, with a flowering garden about it, while lower down there was a building flying the Company's flag. The beach was very rough and stony, requiring careful landing, and many canoes had been carefully upturned upon it. He knew that he had reached the Point Bleue and that it was the reservation upon which the men of his race were allowed to live. All the rest, as far as he could see, was in the hands of the white. Farther along the shore he saw a house much larger than the others, from which clouds of gray smoke pulsed out in great jets, and above which a black chimney rose high in the air. It was some miles away but he knew it at once for a sawmill, for Indians had told him that such buildings were the monsters that fed upon the forests, that ate up the trunks of pines and spruces with a hunger that was never satisfied.

The water was somewhat rough, and the landing was a ticklish matter. Antecteck carefully watched his chance, and as a wave bore him in he gave a great stroke of the paddle and, the moment before the canoe touched the shore, stepped out in water knee deep and lifting it up by a thwart, bore it safely ashore.

Several men had watched him, coming down to help him in case of need. They were Montagnais, just as swarthy as himself, but wore the clothing of white men.

"It was well done, stranger, and thou art welcome," said one of them to him. "By the look of thy canoe thou comest from a far place."

"Ay," he answered. "I come from afar. I have never been in a place like this, where so many people live. Where may a man pitch his tent?"

"There is food ready in my house," said a man whose name, he found later, was Jean Caron. "There is plenty of time for the setting up of thy tent, which may be done on the road-side. Turn thy canoe over and take up thy things. I will help thee carry them, if needed."

In Jean Caron's house the woman set before him fish, and bread and strong tea, and a little girl stared at him. Children, for some reason, were naturally attracted by him. She came near, as he finished his food, and he put out his hands to her.

"In the place I have left," he said, there is a small boy and also a little girl, whom I love greatly. They come and sit upon my knees and I tell them tales of why the bees sting and how the beaver got his flat tail."

She came to him, a pretty child of some ten years, a little bashful, perhaps, yet also mightily desirous of hearing the ancient tales she already knew, but which find new enchantment with every repetition.

"Thou art so very tall," she said, "and a very strong man."

He laughed, and as she came near he lifted her up to his knee, while the parents smiled, and told her how Mis-kwshu, the fox, had fooled the four hind men and been well punished for his bad conduct.

"I will remain here," said Ahteck. "Here I must make my home now and find some way to earn bread."

Jean Caron shook his head.

"A big strong lad such as thyself could get work to do in the saw-mill," he said, "but the men of our race are not fond of such toil. Dost thou speak French?"

"Yes, and some English also," answered Ahteck.

"They might take thee, but one has to begin when a whistle blows, and keep on till it blows again, and men order one about, and there is little time to rest."

"I will do it," replied Ahteck, quietly.

He pitched his small tent by the roadside, and in the morning, very early, walked off to the mill. A foreman looked at him, in surprise, and questioned him. The lad knew nothing of the work but his apparent willingness, his frank face, and the capable strong limbs he showed, spoke well for him. He was handy with simple tools, having for some years done all of the little carpentering needed at the Post, under Pete's direction. In a few days he was proving worth his small wage. In a month he was a first-rate workman.

But this life, to one used to the freedom of the wilderness, to the greatness of the country in which a thousand square miles often hold not a single man, although he bore it bravely, was a trial to him. He saved his wages, very carefully, and one day, after three months, he received a long letter from his mother, enclosing a paper he was directed to present to the agent at the Pointe Bleue Post of the Company. Pete McLeod had gone deep in his pocket and was sending him an order for two hundred dollars.

On the next day, in Caron's house, he found a young man called Paul Barotte, but better known among the Indians as Nikutshash, the squirrel. Paul's old mother possessed a hunting ground in a territory above the second Lake Aleck, which is also known as the second Lac des Grandes Pointes. They had owned a horse and a small house on the reservation. But the house had burned down in the early spring and the horse had died, so that they were in a bad fix, as he had earned money in carting lumber. He could not work the trapping lines alone, and was anxious to find a companion to go on shares with him. This, naturally, required some money, that Paul's mother and sister might be kept alive during the winter, and to buy supplies, though the agent would allow some debt.

Ahteck at once seized this opportunity, for Jean Caron, who had been a good friend, and with whom he boarded, so advised him.

"My own hunting ground is two days' journey this side of Paul's," he said. "I know his country. There is good fur. It is a hard country, over many hills and rough ground. But two strong young men can do well there."

The man coughed hard, having a bad cold in his chest, and went on to tell more about that region. The upshot of it all was that a good part of Ahteck's money was left with Paul's mother. The remainder was spent for new traps, ammunition and food, and, when they finally left, it was with but a small debt at the Post.

"You can have more," said the agent, sizing up the two men.

"This will do," replied Ahteck, quietly.

Before leaving, however, he went up to the house of the Oblate fathers. Nearly all the Indians who used Pointe Bleue were fervent Catholics. He had found himself in an atmosphere of much religion. The Fathers themselves lived entirely on the contributions of the Indians and maintained their church upon them also. Ahteck constantly heard of the forgiveness of sins. All one had to do was to show thorough repentance and hatred of one's evil doings. Then the priest would inflict some penance, that must be cheerfully borne, and give absolution of the sins.

He rang the door-bell but there was no answer. Walking in he saw no one.

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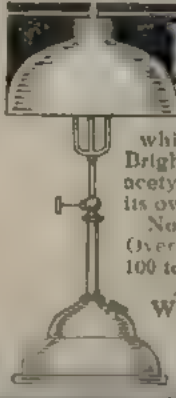

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but in the garden he had noticed one of the Fathers, an old white-bearded man clad in a torn blue jumper, wearing high moccasins, who was toiling among the cabbages. Ahteck went up to him, expressing his desire to confess his sins. The old man looked at him kindly, placed the handle of his hoe against the fence, and led him back to the house.

"Is it true," asked Ahteck, "that the confessions of men remain in the hearts of the priest, to be on no account repeated to others?"

"It is true, my son. But art thou a Catholic? If so I have not seen thee in the church."

"I have not been there, for the weight that is on me kept me from it," answered Ahteck. "When I was a very small child, my mother tells me, I was baptized at Grand Lac by one of the priests who came from this house. His name was Father Laroux."

"That is my name. I was there sixteen years ago," said the old man. "I baptized many children there. Begin thy tale."

Slowly at first, and then faster, the words came to Ahteck who, with outward calm but a fast beating heart, told of the coming of the Nascaupees and the awful thing that followed, while the good old man listened, open-mouthed, at the terrible tale unfolded to him.

Finally he placed his hand on the big lad's shoulder.

"It was done in sudden fear for the life of thy mother," he said, "I understand. But why did'st thou leave so suddenly?"

"I feared the vengeance of God," replied Ahteck." I wanted it to fall upon me alone, far from those I loved, so that they might not suffer for my sin."

The old man hesitated. He knew the Indian character and its strong belief in the powers of evil, and could understand. To the simple-minded man before him he dared not say too much. It was possible that this separation from loved ones was one of the means whereby penance was being inflicted by divine wisdom, to the ultimate redemption of a soul.

The matter is a very grave one, my son," he finally said. "'Thou shalt not kill!' says the Lord. It is possible that some uncovenanted mercies of His infinite godness may finally keep thy body from harm and thy soul from perdition. I cannot give thee plenary absolution now, but I can pray for thee and bid thee go forth with courage. Much repentance of thy terrible deed and much prayer for forgiveness, must henceforth come from thee, and it is my hope to be able soon, after thou shalt have shown the earnestness of thy repentance, to lift thy load of sorrow from thy big shoulders. Go now and may peace abide with thee."

The big lad staggered out. It was

good to know that there was a possibility of hope. Yet he had not obtained full forgiveness. The weight was still on his shoulders. Little by little his mind became somber again at the thought of how little could avail the groping efforts of one soul against all the powers of darkness. Even the priests acknowledged that God claimed vengeance for His own. The killing of a father was so terrible a deed that the vengeance must surely come.

He placed many candles before the altar of the little church and went back, silently, very busy with the preparations for departure. The others were not surprised by his gloomy looks. They had always known him as a very serious youth, little inclined to talk, given to long periods of somber thought. Only with Caron's little girl he became cheerful, at times, and the child had become very fond of him. In the afternoons, after she returned from the school where a host of dusky little ones repeated letters in chorus and learnt the mysteries of simple addition, she waited his return from the mill, eager to talk with him and share some of the wonderful things she had learnt.

Caron, in early September, started off with his family to the place of his wintering. The two young men accompanied them as far as their permanent camp, and remained for one day to help them out a little with the provision of wood. Then Ahteck and Paul left them and plunged farther into the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPUKUN JOINS HER SON

AHTECK with his friend Paul Barotte worked as only men of their race can, when the time of hunting is at hand. The Indian of the North, lazy-looking during the rest of summer, often toils so hard at his trapping that it is a wonder that flesh and blood are able to answer the demands made upon them. They extended their line farther, in unoccupied country, working from a permanent camp which they built of logs. Here they would meet after long journeys during which they both worked different parts of the line, and when Christmas came they interrupted their toil for a few days, during which they went off to spend the great day with Jean Caron and his family.

They returned on the next day to their traps, and when, after long months the ice finally went out, they went back to Lac St. John with a fine lot of fur with which they paid the debt at the Post, leaving a goodly sum to their credit which they placed in the savings bank at Chicoutimi, the head of navigation of the Saguenay, below the Grand Discharge. During the follow-

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ing summer they were by no means idle. Paul, helped by his friend, built a small new house. Also they worked at the mill and had one good job of guiding.

Continued on page 308

Sentimental Satirist

Continued from page 271

"The following Sunday afternoon, fully conscious of the grandeur of the surroundings, she sat in the library and waited——"

SHE sat down on the stairs undecided whether to laugh or cry. The colossal impudence of it all staggered her. That she should be made the sport of a hundred thousand of the common herd, aye the common herd! She was no longer moderate. The thing was unspeakable. This fellow with one sweep of his fountain pen had destroyed the serenity of twenty three years' placidity. She would have him arrested. He should be hanged! She did not realize that writing is not a criminal offence. Perhaps it should be—certainly she would have had it so. She pictured him arrested, thrown into a dungeon cell, then taken out and tried—ah the trial. She had not thought of that. She could see him in the witness box with his hands in his pockets and his gray eyes twinkling with amusement and his thin sensitive lips curling into a smile, as he gave his evidence. No, no, that would never do. She released him on the spot.

Just then she sneezed.

She had often read of distracted heroines creeping downstairs clad in naught but a kimono, but this was her first experience of the real thing. The sneeze did her good. It helped to collect her thoughts.

She sneezed again.

It was then that her well disciplined mind rose to the occasion. She reasoned that she could think the matter out as well in the hygienic comfort of her own boudoir as on a creaking and drafty stairway. She therefore sought her room. Which indicates how superior minded Brenda Southworth was to the ordinary heroine of fiction.

She did not tell her parents about it at the breakfast table. She was afraid her father would laugh not that her father had a sense of humor but he had been told that it was good for the digestion to laugh at meal time. She did not confide in her mother because she felt that Mrs. Southworth would not understand. She had spent much time in bringing up her mother and was careful of what that docile lady was told. She even exercised a moral

censorship over Mrs. Southworth's reading. This thing was so unconventional that it almost became coarse

She decided to wait until Lawrence Craighouse telephoned. She prepared her campaign like a seasoned general. She would annihilate him with a devastating fire of words. She was so eager to open the engagement, being confident in her vocabularistic preparations, that she insisted upon answering the telephone each time it rang.

It rang eleven times in the morning.

It rang nine times in the afternoon. With the tenacity of offended womanhood she answered the telephone nine times

Once a voice, husky and expressive, said,—"'Ello, is that you Mahriar?"

She had been mistaken for her own chamber maid. Her fury rose to fever heat He had done all this. He had inflicted all this worry and humiliation. He had caused her to be mistaken for her own chamber maid. The brute! The inconsiderate brute! . . She just managed to suppress a sneeze,—the telephone was in a drafty situation in the hallway, ... This time the sneeze could not be stopped. The tears came to her eyes. She was fast developing symptoms of cold-in-the-head

She had often wept over novels but this was the first time she had suffered on her own behalf. She blamed the unspeakable Craighouse. She had been up since six o'clock in the morning and had answered the telephone exactly twenty times.

That evening at dinner, her father, who had just completed a delightfully whimsical anecdote of how he had robbed a competitor of an order, glanced up and gasped.

"Do you know, little girl" he said, "I never saw you look so beautiful."

Brenda Southworth left the table in a flood of tears.

Wednesday passed and still he did not telephone

THURSDAY morning at five thirty, she crept downstairs attired in the kimono but reinforced with silk stockings and bedroom slippers. There was no paper. It was too early. She went back to bed and slept until breakfast time.

With an apology for her tardiness she took her place at the breakfast table The morning paper was propped up against the sugar bowl. Mr. Southworth, as is the custom of business magnates, was reading the sporting columns

Brenda Southworth caught her breath. Sprawling over the sugar bowl she could see her column—her page.

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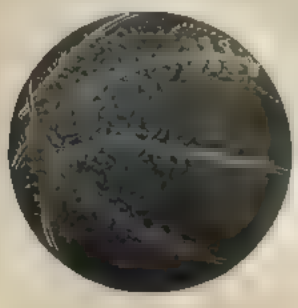

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THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS.

"Sketch No. 3—At the theatre."

"The next night he took her to a theatre. She did not want to go but she felt that his ideas were so unhealthy "

Mr. Southworth turned the paper over. The batting averages had been crowded into the Editorial page

Friday passed and still no word from Craighouse. The hours dragged on listlessly. She thought she understood something of the feelings of a condemned prisoner awaiting the morning of his execution.

Friday night she went to a dance. She felt strangely self conscious. She glanced about the room expecting to detect covert mirth in the eyes of the guests. Instead she caused even less than usual effect. Dolly Dalrymple a vivacious blonde was home from England and was the belle of the hour. Dolly Dalrymple, indeed—that vacuous animated bundle of inanity. There was one thing sure—Lawrence Craighouse could never run a series of articles about HER. A man of his brains and humor wouldn't bother with Dolly Dalrymple for half an hour It made her feel better and she smiled The smile brought Fred Robertson to her side

"By Jove! Miss Southworth," he ejaculated, "I never saw you look so stunning."

The remark made her think, which is in itself a noteworthy fact. It doubtful if she had ever before heard remark at a dance that had caused her to think

Saturday morning she slept until ten and breakfasted in bed

"Maria" she said "bring me the paper." It was all she could do to refrain from calling her "Mahriar." She was rapidly developing a sense of the ridiculous which is a long step towards a sense of humor.

The newspaper came. With trembling fortitude she glanced first at the society columns. The dance was featured. "Miss Ethel Jones was in pale silk. Miss Dolly Dalrymple was in blue satin." And THAT disposes of Miss Dolly Dalrymple. THAT was a snap of the fingers

'Miss Dolly Dalrymple was in blue satin."

SHE was in a newspaper article!

She had never scoffed at society before. Brenda Southworth was fast developing a mind.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS.

"Sketch No. 4—They lunch down town."

"Two days later.

She dropped two lumps of sugar into the coffee, then resumed her reading

". . . . . she continued the good work by lunching with him downtown She looked genuinely pretty in a dark walking suit with a large white collar."

Crudely put of course but—she leaned back in the pillows and smiled. It gave her a pleasurable thrill to toy with the thing like that. The suspense was exquisite. After all he was right: She did look genuinely pretty in her walking suit. "And Miss Dolly Dalrymple was in blue satin." How tame it sounded. She laughed,—then read the rest of it.

AT the conclusion of the sketch she leaned back once more and meditated. She had not seen him since they had lunched together and there was another edition in the morning. What was next? She began to feel a proprietary interest in the Sunday Globe. She wondered if Lawrence Craighouse's articles were a success—of course they were interesting to her but would the general public appreciate them.

She was called to the telephone.

"Hello," she said. She could say "hello" well. It had a noncomittal alluring upward inflection that was at once captivating and impersonal.

"Brenda—this is Laury speaking."

There was a silence. She wondered if he could hear the pounding of her heart.

'Brenda—are you there?"

She found her voice. "Yes," she said. It was not brilliant but it had the element of truth in it.

"Look! I'm in an awful rush—I just wanted to tell you that I'm coming to see you at 8.15 to-night—no, no let's say 8.25."

"But—but I have an engagement."

"Then break it. Sorry I can't wait to chat. So long."

'But Mister Craighouse——"

'Are you calling a number?" asked central.

If Brenda Southworth had been of a profane disposition she would have sworn but she was first a lady—then a golfer. Instead she stamped her foot. The rug was thick and her foot was encased in a satin slipper. She failed to experience the relief she had expected.

She decided to let him come. She would end the thing that night. She would be made a fool of no longer—but she had promised to go to the theater with Fred Robertson——.

She called him up and told a lie. She said she could not go to the theatre because she had a headache.

An hour afterwards a dozen roses arrived with Mr. Robertson's sympathy. Her blush was as deep as that of the roses. Each thorn pricked her conscience like the sword of an accusing angel.

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The following comparative statement speaks for itself:

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Insurance in Force	$14,189,613	$20,237,984	$27,118,375	$34,820,327
Insurance Issued	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,063,511
Total Assets	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest Income	754,307	959,135	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

Notwithstanding the strain of the war conditions, of which this Company has borne its full share, the favorable results experienced in recent years has made it possible to introduce a still further increase in the scale of profits apportionable to Participating Policies. The new scale comes into effect in 1916.

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AT 8.26 Lawrence Craighouse arrived and was shown into the library. She stood with haughty mien and gazed at him as he entered. A gray tweed of undisputed cut adorned his supple form. He did not advance, he did not retreat. He stood in the doorway and looked at her without a word.

"I suppose" he said after a pause, "that you are furious with me."

She breathed easier. She felt like a duellist when his opponent announces the choice of weapons. Apparently this fellow Craighouse wished to come straight to the point. Very good,—it suited her.

"I would be furious if I were not so amused," she said, and with that strange sense of irrelevance which is peculiarly feminine, a flush of anger mantled her cheeks.

'By Jove!" said Craighouse, advancing a step, "I never saw you look like that before. You look simply magnificent."

She tried to sneer,—then remembered her former attempt and coughed instead

"I suppose," she said icily, "That I must be careful what I say, as I presume I am speaking for publication."

He grinned,—he did not even smile,—he grinned.

"How do you like them?" He thrust his hands into his pockets. "The editor thinks they're great."

She thought of her early morning vigils on the stairway. She remembered being mistaken for her chamber maid. The humiliation of it all surged up in one great wave of self pity that threatened to engulf her in a sea of tears. She turned on him, almost choking with suppressed indignation.

"I thought you were a gentleman when I met you (which was not strictly true) I thought you valued me as a friend,—it seemed to me you took pleasure in my company and I liked you, too." (Heavens! What was she saying?) "To me, friendship is a sacred thing,—something to be cherished, to be worked for." (Her sense of the dramatic had risen magnificently to the occasion. She felt like the persecuted heroine at the end of the third act of a melodrama, just before she hurls herself into the night) "All this I thought! (her vocabulary had gotten the bit between its teeth and was off!) To me you were a friend,—to you, I was just a toy, a thing to play with, that you might listen to my prattle and then make sport of me before a million readers. What was I to you? Be honest with me, what was I to you?"

She turned on him desperately.

"The technical name," he murmured, "is 'copy.'"

"I never want to see you again as long as I live," said Brenda Southworth, and she turned away from him.

In two strides Lawrence Craighouse was by her side.

"You don't understand," he said, speaking rapidly and with quiet intensity. "A writer casts about for material and cannot write until something has interested him. I saw the possibilities of humor the moment I met you—the next time we were together I saw something of your real nature behind that indifference which you have built up by your false outlook on life. From then on you fascinated me, I simply had to write about you. I tried to startle you out of that composure and in doing so I have hurt myself more than you——"

"In what way are you hurt?" Her dark eyes held his in a puzzled look. Her quivering lips slightly revealed her teeth that were like pearls and her delicate skin was suffused with a radiant glow.

He drew in his breath quickly and a slight flush mantled his own cheeks.

"Brenda, dear, can't you understand it? I'm mad, rapturously, insanely in love with you!" And with a sudden move he crushed her in his arms and held her lips imprisoned by his for one mad, passionate, pulsating moment, then turned swiftly and left her.

SHE sought her room, quivering with anger. He had kissed her—she had been kissed by this unspeakable upstart! It had been her proudest boast that no man had even touched her hand with amorous intent, and this braggadocio newspaper writer had held her in his arms and had kissed her. She thrilled with rage. She paced the room and sought to bring her thoughts to coherency. Gradually she quieted down. The rage left her soul. The flashing anger of her eyes softened to a tenderer gleam. She glanced in the mirror and saw reflected her flushed cheeks and glorious, shining eyes and another, greater thrill sent her all pale and then a deeper crimson than before. She had been kissed. She had been loved. Ah Woman, Woman, Woman. Life spread before her, a sweeter, deeper thing than she had ever dreamed.

Sunday morning she noticed another Editor's note where his column should have been.

"The series of sketches by Mr. Craighouse, entitled "The Love Affair of an Heiress" will end with next Tuesday's edition, as the young author is leaving for a prolonged vacation at the sea side. His column Sentiment and Satire, much to our regret, will cease to exist after Tuesday's issue."

On Monday afternoon by one of those coincidences that only happen to young people, they met in the quiet

avenue of a city park and listened to the contented murmurings of the breeze among the spring-budding leaves. Nature seemed strangely beautiful to them both. With the sublime egotism of lovers, they felt that it was especially beautiful that day.

"Why are you going away?" she asked.

"I am going to ask you to marry me," he said, "and if you say—yes, I am going on my honeymoon."

"And if I say no?"

"Then I am going away to recuperate."

She smiled tenderly. She was beginning to see that flippancy is often the essence of sincerity.

ON Tuesday morning Lawrence Craighouse's admirers read with some amusement, the finish of his series.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS."

"Sketch No. 5.—The last."

"He proposed to her. He wasn't nearly good enough for her but she took him and they lived happily ever afterwards."

"I don't think much of that," said the City Editor.

"Have you seen this?" asked the Society Editor. "It's in my column."

"Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Southworth, of "Bellefair," announce the engagement of their daughter, Brenda Louise, to Mr. Lawrence Austin Craighouse, son of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Craighouse, and grandson of the late Sir John Craighouse."

The City Editor scratched his head.

"Well I'll be——"

The Society Editor coughed.

"——hanged!" said the City Editor.

The Millwright of Waterloo

Continued from page 285.

He flung it. It was caught and laid across a piece of muddy lumber. Out came the stubby pencil, no longer than your thumb, and higgledy-piggledy, sprawling over the page, was set the name of the wealthiest lumber king in Canada.

In the words of a deeply impressed visitor, "it makes you feel, by heck, as though you didn't want to waste a match stick!"

Papa—"Why, hang it, girl, that fellow only earns nine dollars a week!"

Pleading Daughter — "Yes; but, daddy, dear, a week passes so quickly when you're fond of one another."

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 304.

The following winter paid them well also. They had started off without any debt, and prices for mink, of which they had caught many, chanced to be high. The little accounts at the bank were increased. Ahteck still boarded at Caron's and the friendly child, Mititesh, who was growing fast, still watched eagerly for his return from work.

But while Ahteck toiled at these things another great change in his life was impending. It was rumored that the agent at Pointe Bleue was to obtain a better place elsewhere, and men of the brigade from Grand Lac hinted that Peter McLeod had spoken of a possibility of his returning nearer to civilization, that his children might obtain a better education.

Away north at Grand Lac, however, the great loving heart of Pete McLeod had begun to beat more feebly. In the winter there had been a frightful blizzard in which he was caught, for a time, and from which he issued with feet badly frozen and a cough that racked his frame. Again, soon after the melting of the ice he had much to do with the saving of some Indians, in a sudden storm, who had been upset while lifting their nets. Few details were ever heard of his sickness, excepting that towards the last he had grown very thin, and the great chest uplifted fast in shallow breaths, while his face had become narrower and the eyes very large. The brigade arrived and brought him an important letter. We know not whether it was Mr. Smith who wrote it, but the words brought to Pete a look of happy pride, as if the hopes and ambitions of a long, honest and manly life of faithful endeavor had all been fulfilled. His breathing became quieter and a look of great peace came upon him, while the new arrivals stood outside, shaking their heads in deep concern. He fell asleep, quietly, like a child.

But a few days later he pressed the woman dear to his heart to his bosom, and passed his thin hands over the children's heads and kissed them, lovingly. To the weeping woman he said that for years she had made him the happiest man on earth, and that he was grateful. After this he went to sleep again, very quietly. But this time he did not awaken again, having passed away in the achievement of hope, in the contentment of duty well done.

For many long hours the woman prayed, as best she knew how. When she rose from the side of his bed it could be seen that there were a good many white hairs among her still heavy black tresses, and that the face that had been so smooth and beautiful

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was seamed with many lines of sorrow and care.

A new man had come with the brigade, to take Peter's place at Grand Lac, for the letter had brought with it an order to return to Lac St. Jean and take charge of the Post there, with an increase in pay and responsibility, yet a promise of an easier life. Marie, the wife, whom Pete had always loved to call by her Indian name of Uapukun, remembered his wishes as to the children's education and longed for a sight of her tall son. When the brigade started for the southland again she left with it. It was only when the canoe in which she sat rounded a headland and caused the point upon which the last home of Peter had been dug to disappear, that a flood of tears came to the woman who, for some days, had been dry-eyed and haggard. Ever after, however, the mental image of her man stood before her, in the darkness and in the light, shedding a lasting benison that made hardship easier to bear.

The canoes, in which, this time, there was little singing, swiftly shot down the great rapids of the chief branch, and in due course arrived at the Pointe Bleue, heavily laden with great bales of fur, for the last winter had been one of good hunting.

Ahteck knew that a new agent had been sent to Grand Lac to replace the man who had been as a father to him, and was among the many who waited on the beach after the returning brigade was sighted. He wanted and yet feared to see him, with the mother and the little ones. He had a vague, tremulous desire to behold them again, to press them to his heart, and then to run away again lest they might, being near him, be included in the coming vengeance he firmly believed must overtake him.

Finally they landed, and Uapukun had recognized him from afar, because he was so much taller than most men. She looked upon his great and handsome frame with pride, and, had there been none at hand to see, would have sobbed upon his shoulder. Ahteck's eyes grew bright with unshed tears when he heard of the passing away of Peter, but like his mother he controlled himself. Also his heart felt sore when he remembered the beauty and the lithe strength of his mother, for he helped and took to his heart a woman who had aged a great deal and looked bent beyond her years, though still brave and strong of spirit.

The children, much grown, were delighted to see once more the man they had always called their Uncle Caribou. For weeks and months they had persistently asked for him, and shed tears because he did not return, until he had become a sort of tradition to them.

Peter McLeod, true to his Scotch ancestry, had been a very saving man. There was little opportunity in the great Northland to spend money, and Uapukun found herself a rich woman in comparison with most of the dwellers on the reservation. With the advice of friends Ahteck had made, guided also by the missionary fathers, she bought a small house and a fair bit of ground, insisting that Ahteck, in spite of his fears, should live with her. The children were sent to school.

Ahteck seldom worked in the sawmill now, for by this time he was much in demand by sportsmen at the various fishing clubs on the line of the railway, whom he guided for the trout and ouananiche fishing. It is true, that, at first, they were apt to consider him as a great hulking surly fellow, for he never spoke but to answer their questions. But as soon as they had realized his great skill in canoes, his feats of carrying over portages and the unerring knowledge of woodcraft he had learned from Peter and from the Indians who used Grand Lac Post, they recognized him as an invaluable man.

His laughter was never heard among the cheerful voices of the other Indians assembled about the anglers' campfires. The Montagnais, when guiding and furnished with all the tea and tobacco they want, are easily moved to merry talk among themselves, if once their suspicions that the white people may laugh at them are dispelled.

The dusky girls of the reservation would easily enough have looked upon him with favor, for he was known as a successful trapper, a man of good habits, never taking strong drink. He was comparatively well off, never having any debt at the Post, and his looks were attractive. But, without actually shunning them, he never paid the slightest attention to them. It was much as if they had not existed. Once he declared to Uapukun that he would never marry.

"Now that thou art here," he said, "it may be that no harm will come to thee or the children on my account. My life is very good. All will go well until the time is at hand when things will turn for me. For such a day must come, sooner or later. The debt must always be paid. I have no mind ever to drag a woman into the fate that is awaiting me."

To be continued.

"Dearest," he said, "can't I get you a nice diamond ring for Christmas?"

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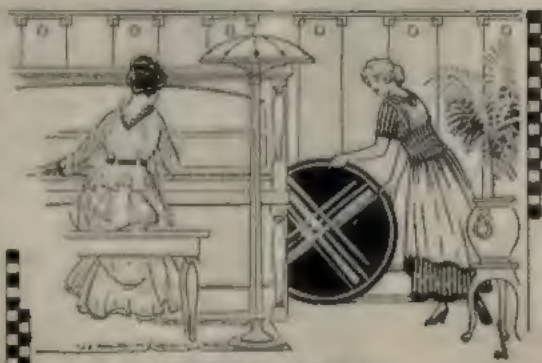

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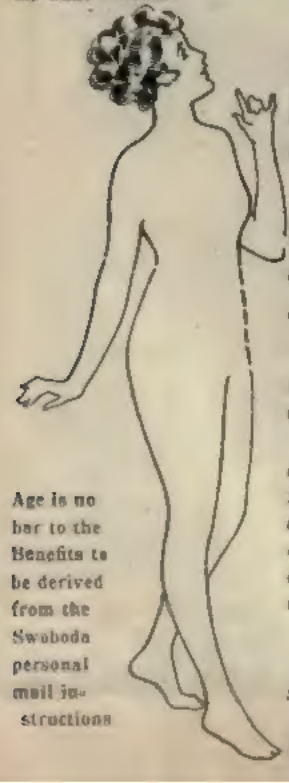

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